Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &C.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LIX. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1890. No. 5.

Events to Occur.

Farmers' Institute—At Bowdoin Center, Dec. 12. At East Auburn, Dec. 13.
State Grange—At Lewiston, Dec. 16–18.
State Dairymen's Conference—At Winthrop, Jan. 14 and 15.
Annual Meeting of Board of Agriculture—At Augusta, Jan 31 and 23.
Yarmouth Poultry Association—At Yarmouth, Jan. 13–16. F. E. Gove, Sec'y.
Androscoggin Poultry and Pet Stock Association—At Lewiston, Jan. 20–23. J. F. Putnam, Sec'y.

Only the best is good enough in stock matters, whether applied to the animals or to their care and keep.

Miss L. M. Taylor, the noted fruit grower of Belgrade, has four hundred barrels of choice apples on hand, two hundred and fifty of them being Baldwins. Quite a little plum for any fruit grower!

Vermont has set the noble example of voting $30,000 in aid of a representation of that State at the Chicago World's Fair. That starts off well for New England. How much shall Maine raise?

The farmer of the future will be either more or less a man of affairs. Which it will be will depend on himself. If the farmer would be the influential citizen, he must be active in public affairs.

Secure the stock of ice as soon as it is thick enough for cutting. A foot in thickness is better than more when the work is done by hand. Stake out a tract that is clean and sound and keep the snow scraped from it till ready to cut. It will then be of first quality. It will cost less and be better every way to cut the ice in early winter.

"Leading the van." Well, that is a high compliment from good authority. That is what we all want to do—keep well up to the front in a knowledge of the best work and the best stock to do it with. If the *Farmer* succeeds in keeping abreast, even, of the advance column, the readers certainly will share in the advantages from it.

Farmers in this State are thinking as never before. They are beginning to see how their interests, left uncared for to the will of designing men, have suffered from the neglect, and are awaking to active effort. Dr. Hoskins says: "It looks squally for the old politician-ridden parties when the farmers begin to think, and to vote as they think." We shall see.

Prof. Cook of Michigan Agricultural College has recorded the conclusion, after several years of careful experiment, that spraying plum trees with Paris green or London purple is not to be relied on for a protection from the work of the curculio. His work was thoroughly and persistently followed up as recorded in bulletin 66 from that institution.

The proprietor of the *New England Farmer*, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Agricultural College Alumni Club, in speaking for the press said that "A newspaper is an article of merchandise as much as a piece of cloth, and must be made to suit the public, otherwise it will not be successful, no matter how good it may be." Are we to infer that he does not claim the public can be relied upon to patronize a good paper?

Sheep should now be shut in from the fields, whether the snow covers the ground or not. The dead, frozen grass is poor sheep fodder. Better far a feed of good, bright, early cut hay with a ration of roots or ensilage to go with it. Farmers ought to learn that the reason they do not have fat sheep is that they are not properly cared for. There is too much go as you please in the sheep husbandry of this State.

Prices for apples have had an upward tendency of late, and in some sections of the State considerable quantities have been taken from first hands. Four dollars have been paid for fairly good winter fruit at the stations, and higher for fancy kinds. These are high prices, though it is yet early for Maine winter fruit to move. There is no trouble but the price will be high enough later on, when the perishable stuff is out of the way.

George O. Weston, Madison, sprung from a family of noted farmers. He is always studying up plans for the saving of labor in his farm work. Last fall he took his self-binding reaper to his sweet corn field, after the ears had been gathered for the factory, when with a few circuits around the field with his team and machine, and the fodder lay there nicely bound up ready for shocking. The experiment was a complete success, and proved a great saving of labor. Will not some of our progressive corn growers figure up and give the *Farmer* the labor cost per acre of producing corn under modern methods of growing the crop? It will be "interesting reading" to all hands.

The Washington county cattle shows and fairs always seem to meet with marked success. At any rate their receipts always seem to foot up well. The North Washington, with headquarters at Princeton, a society organized but a few years ago, and in a sparsely settled district, reports over one thousand dollars received at the exhibition. The total receipts of the Central Washington at Machias were $121, with the same paid out $1354 The Secretary reports Shorthorn, Jersey, Ayrshire and Holstein stock on exhibition in the cattle classes, and states that the liberal premiums offered stimulates the introduction of improved blood. The stock of horses has improved wonderfully in the locality, the improvement showing each year, both in the heavy and the driving stock.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Farm Interests.

In answer to the many inquiries, I wish to state to the readers of the *Farmer* that there was no break or misunderstanding between the management of this valuable paper and myself why I did not continue my "reports," which may be resumed some time in the future when business will permit. Some of the more suspicious patrons of the paper, especially cattle buyers, suggested that my report could be made in my own or the buyers' interest, which I think the fair minded public will discredit, who have carefully followed my suggestions, which, in many instances, must be against the buying interests. So say my agents and patrons. We would now say that we assist in the present report being made, which we consider as accurate and more comprehensive than is to be found in any other paper in Maine.

In regard to future prospects of the meat product of this country, and the prices current, we have to say that everything indicates very much higher rates on all classes. The reason is apparent. Beef, pork and mutton are closely allied to corn, and as the grain crop of this country is short and very much higher, this will tend to shorten up the supply of meat, as farmers in the West are like those in the East, studying the money question, and will hesitate to feed corn to live stock at fifty cents per bushel, when twenty cents was the price last season paid by feeders, and this did not pay. All human operations that culminate in a success are the result of forethought and calculation, not accident. If the farmers of the State of Maine will study the situation now, they can see that the next will be able to corn, of food for animals to grow and fatten them, is good, early cut hay, a commodity with which nearly every barn in Maine is filled. And with the price of grains to be doubled up in price, hay is lower than last year, so low as to leave very little margin after pressing, freights and commissions are paid. Live stock, at the same time, is very low. Now, with these plain facts before them, will the farmers of Maine give away their hay, and thus reduce the fertility of their farms, and cry out "hard times," and claim that farming in Maine does not pay, which is suicidal both to our farms and future prospects? We hope not, but look for the agriculture of Maine to receive a great impetus from the healthy laws to be passed in the next legislature for their benefit. I have carefully looked over and studied this tax question, and give it as my opinion that the cash tax of the farmers of Maine should be cut right in two; in other words, that other and richer interests have been robbing the farmers of half the amount of their cash taxes, which issue I am willing to defend, either in print or in public debate. Now we look to our law makers, who will control legislation the next session of the Maine legislature, to correct these abuses; and if not, we farmers intend to take a hand in politics and see if we cannot make equitable laws to protect agriculture and business against monopoly and money. It is very short-sighted in any corporation who may, by their money and strong lobby, partially control legislation, to so protect themselves by law as to burden the farmers, who, it will be admitted, carry the whole universe on their shoulders.

Ancient and modern history teaches that the monarch, king or government that have protected and fostered agriculture in their realms, have had the satisfaction of obtaining to that greatness, only to be acquired by just and equal laws governing all of the varied national interests. The old and true saying, that "it is darkest just before daylight," we hope will prove true to the farmers of Maine, and think the morning dawn begins to glimmer when they come to the front and assert their rights, which we look for in the future in Maine, as has been done recently in other States.

Another idea in regard to waking up an interest in the production of live stock, is the exemption from taxation of all live stock, advocated some time since in the *Maine Farmer*. Since which time, in passing through Pennsylvania, we met a very intelligent farmer who says in that State there is no tax on sheep or hogs, and that neat cattle and horses are not taxed till four years of age. This law, he explained, was giving sheep husbandry a great boom, a business that would make the State of Maine rich if adopted and followed closely for a term of years. There is a great interest in legislative affairs being evinced all over the State, and we suggest that every farmer in Maine attend this next legislature, which if not practicable, watch the papers and public affairs; note how the different members vote on these vital questions, which will be a good guide to govern our suffrages in the future when these politicians ask us to support them, as they surely will.

I. C. LIBBY.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from California.

In the dear old *Farmer*, which I am pleased to meet every week, although nearly 4000 miles away, of Nov. 13, 1890, I notice an article on the grain question, by Prof. F. L. Harvey, entomologist for the station at Orono. He advises gathering all windfall apples, and feeding or destroying them some way. In the year 1875, or 76, we had the codlin moth for the first year in North Franklin county; the caterpillars were so plenty that our orchards were nearly destroyed, no apples of any amount raised, and it was from two to three years before we had many apples, and no apple maggot, or but very few, for some time. I took much pains, or rather care, in my small orchard among the granite rocks, to pick all the wormy apples, both the summer and autumn fruit, and have fed to my horses and cows, a few at a time, and considered that they paid for the work of gathering, consequently had but few maggoty apples. Here it is different. We have no codlin moth here, and the codling moth produces three swarms a year, while in Maine only one. In many orchards here one-half were wormy apples, and many pears also were injured in the same way. This fact I think is a fault in the State, but insects are very annoying and expensive. The different species of scale bug is the most destructive and hardest to conquer.

I noticed in a former *Maine Farmer* a request that all the poultry raisers send to the *Farmer* an amount of profit and loss, or something to that effect. As it is too early to give you mine for this year, will give it for last. This climate is so different from Maine that many things that would be to advantage there would not answer here. There your hen houses for winter must be warm; here ours must be open. You feed much corn in winter; we feed little or none. In summer, if you have chicks have a run out, they find plenty of green feed, grubs, bugs and grasshoppers; here we have neither, unless we plant lettuce, cabbages, or something of that kind. And then we have to irrigate, which helps us out. Some few here feed corn, when they raise it. A neighbor of mine last winter fed corn; I fed wheat, oats, middlings, bran, and some waste fish and meat scraps. He had 200 hens to begin with, I had 50, yet I got more eggs per week than he. Since that he feeds differently. Jan. 1, 1889, I started with 50 hens; I paid for feed $42.75; received for eggs and chickens sold, $137.47; net gain, $94.72. I made no account of eggs and chickens used in the home, nor little waste bits fed to them. This year will fall short in profit, as feed is much higher. Oats, $40 per ton; wheat, $33; bran, $25; middlings, $35. Last year: Oats, $30 per ton; wheat, $25; bran, $15; middlings, $20.

Soquel, Cal., Nov. 24. SEWARD DILL.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Good Word for the Farmer, and Still More for Maine Bred Jerseys.

Mr. Editor: Yours, 18th, received, and I thank you for your kindness and will endeavor, from time to time, to present some facts regarding the Jersey cow.

The "*Farmer*" is fully up with the times in dairy matters, and indeed many truths fully be said to be "leading the van." I think I see more extracts taken from the "*Farmer*," reprinted in other dairy papers, than any other paper in the country. At the Alden Kellogg Jersey sale in New York, the first of November, I notice that "Nora Sheldon," 43590, the heifer I mentioned in my letter, published in the Nov. 27 issue of the *Farmer*, was sold for $500, the highest price of the sale. This is the more noteworty when it is remembered that the highest priced animal of the spring sale, was $420—an inbred Comassie—and the spring sales being the special Breeders' Combination sales far outrank the fall sales in quality of stock and prices realized. The animals, composing these sales, are offerings from the gilt edge herds, surrounding New York City, and the leading herds in adjacent States, and the fact that Maine bred the highest priced animal at such a sale and that price $500—a good round one—should encourage our breeders of the "Butter Queen" to keep on in the race for improvement and maintain the fame of our State as a dairy and Jersey breeding State, and still further enhance its reputation.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

Broadmoor Farm, Cumberland Centre.

For the Maine Farmer.

Nothing the Matter With Maine.

Mr. Editor: In reading the communication of "Fannie Field" in the *Farmer* of Nov. 27th, the following question suggested itself to my mind:

"Are N. E. farmers so ignorant that they don't know whether they are making a "decent living" on their farms or not, only as they are told by others?" It is evident that the writer thinks they do not, for she says:

"From the drift of these walls about the decadence of the hill towns, etc., one would think that a farmer could no longer get a decent living from a N. E. farm. And the strangest, the most exasperating part of it all is, that a good many, perhaps a majority of the hill town farmers, believe all that rot, and rehearse and rehash it over among themselves until those, who are able, pull up stakes and go West, while those who can't get away, grumble and groan, and wail from one year's end to the next; and when they hear of a New Englander who has been tolerably successful 'out West,' they heave sighs that closely resemble the workings of a volcano just before an eruption, &c." Now all this the writer would have us understand is the result of the farmers believing the "Stuff" and "Rot" which is published in the papers, and knowledge of almost any facts which they have in their own possession. Now, Mr. Editor, as you called particular attention to the above article as being good reading, thereby encouraging me to write, I will be candor, if the writer in her effort has given a truthful picture of the New England farmer? If she has, then I would ask what is the use to legislate in the interest of such a class? Better let the writer of the above article go forth with her "club" thereby giving practical expression to her feelings, and belabor the stupid "set" until there is some semblance of common sense left them, discarded as they are. It would be made to see that they are in reality misguided farmers.

But, Mr. Editor, I shall join issue with the writer, or any one else, who draws such a picture as the above. I do not believe that, and while I would most heartily agree with the writer when she says that New England is the best location for a home there is in the world, and that New England agriculture differs as much from that in other sections as that of any other section, I as heartily disagree with her in the pen picture which she has drawn of the New England farmer. For instead of being the "lazy," "shiftless," "grumbling," "growling," "wailing," "sighing" individual represented in the article quoted from the New England farmer is, to say the least, abreast in intelligence, energy, industry, and all the catalogue that go to make up an American citizen, of those of any other section of the United States, and consequently on a level with *anybody*. Therefore, I believe them to be capable of judging for themselves whether their operations, as tillers of the soil, are dollars and cents or they would reasonably expect from the efforts put forth; and when we see farmers, not only in New England but all over the nation, uniting themselves together in such organizations as the Grange, Farmers' Alliance and Farmers' League, and demanding legislation in their own interest, there is certainly something the matter, not with the soil or location of New England, nor that of any other section, for the soil is capable of producing indefinitely, but with the conditions attendant upon agriculture throughout the nation. It is true, as remarked editorially in the last issue of the *Maine Farmer*, that we must have been inactive, while capital, joining hands with politicians, has had an easy task in shaping unjust laws, and in ignoring at the same time rights in privileges of citizenship; but that the New England farmer is so ignorant as to be made to believe that "mowers, two horse sulky plows, self-binding reapers and all the improved implements of agriculture, and sewing machines" are "stuff and rot," and wholly sick of such stuff." From which I infer that she wishes the farmers to desist from expressing any discontent or dissatisfaction with the existing conditions and environments incident to the tiller of the soil, and keep right on "grubbing, grubbing, grubbing" for himself, and uttering no word of complaint as he sees all other classes uniting and combining themselves into "trusts" and "syndicates" to influence legislation, and to rob him of half the earnings in various ways and by unlooked for means.

Now, I ask, is that the proper position to be taken by one who has the best interest of New England agriculture at heart? I answer emphatically, *No*, and I think this answer will be echoed by the thousands of New England farmers, and reiterated in thunder tones, whose echo shall reach to her remotest limits, penetrating even to her legislative halls, causing the members there to tremble and quake. Belshazzar, of old, when he saw his doom in the "hand writing on the wall"—rather let the agitation continue even if we are characterized by those who would keep us quiet, as "grumblers," than to sell out our rights, as a class, are recognized and respected as are those of other classes, for only by making known our wants and needs and then combining in our efforts to secure them, can the desired object be attained.

O. MEADER.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Poll Tax Question.

Mr. Editor: I think the poll tax side of the tax question has not been sufficiently ventilated. The poll tax voter is usually a nuisance in our municipal affairs. Being often a village loafer, he is always early at the polls, and always ready to vote a ring Moderator, or any other cheap man into office, before the real tax payers can get around to vote. He is always a tax to leave, and when the tax payers are sufficiently thinned out, is ready to reconsider any vote, and add to expenses; or as a commercial traveler puts it, "to order any amount of goods and never pay for."

Our present poll tax should be at once and forever abolished; and a price set upon every poll, and taxes assessed accordingly. Every honorable, self-respecting man must be willing to give to the support of his town, and thereby remove the stigma that now attaches to this class of voters, whenever they vote for raising large amounts of money, because it adds nothing to their tax. Also that there is a limit at the top, and the rule holds good in farming as it does in nearly every employment. Instead of getting out of farming, condemning the business as necessarily unprofitable, a more just conclusion would be that the best farmers, like the best of everything else, must always pay, and the effort should then be to learn how this best may be attained.

—American Cultivator.

Wm. Jarvis' first shipment of Spanish sheep to America numbered but twelve. He instructed the merchant to whom they were consigned, not to sell them for less than $1,000 each. When the merchant's account of the sales was received by Mr. Jarvis, he was very busy transacting business for several persons in his office, and, glancing hastily over the letter, read that one had died on the voyage, and the remaining eleven were sold for $1,500. He was not overjoyed at the figures, and threw the letter one side; when, upon a second perusal, he found the amount was $15,000 instead of $1,500. These figures, of course, exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

A series of experiments has convinced Prof. Robertson that when cows are denied salt for a period of even one week they will yield from 14½ to 17½ per cent. less milk, and that of an inferior quality. Such milk will on an average turn sour in twenty-four hours less time than milk drawn from the same or similar cows receiving salt, all other conditions of treatment being equal.

Curing Dogs of Sheep-Worrying.

A correspondent of the *National Stockman* writes as follows concerning this subject:

Young dogs can be made so thoroughly afraid of sheep that they will not attack them in their mature years. Tie them to the head of a ram, and let about eight feet of rope intervene, and then place them in a clear field. The repeated charges of the ram will so disgust the dog with the "sheep business" that he will ever after avoid the bovine race. An old dog which was caught in the act of killing sheep was cured of the propensity in this manner, in my presence, many years ago. As the ram continued to charge upon the dog, the latter worked closer and closer to the fence, and when he had reached it the ram drew back, and as he made the final charge the dog went over the fence with a "ki-yi" that made the onlookers laugh uproariously. The canine could only touch his hind feet to the ground, and as the ram would back up to make another charge this would draw the dog up a little. His struggles to get released and the ram trying to get a fair "clip" at him caused a see-sawing across the fence that was "good as a circus" to witness. This was heroic treatment; but all said: "Good enough for him." He lived several years, but was not known to molest sheep after that.

METEOROLOGICAL. An abstract of the Meteorological Observations taken at the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, for the month of November, 1890:

Lat. 44° 54′ 2″ N.; Lon. 68° 40′ 11″ W.
Altitude above the sea, 129 feet.

	1890.	1889.
Mean temperature	34.74	38°.59
Maximum temperature	57.9	58.7
Minimum temperature	17.2	17.6
Mean of warmest day, 6th	45.0	52.3
Mean of coldest day, 29th	19.7	20.0
Mean percentage of cloudiness	.62	.51
Amount of rain	2.67 in.	4.60 in.
Amount of snow	4.5 in.	6.00 in.

DIRECTION AND FORCE OF WINDS.

1890—N. W. & W., .52; S. W. & S., .21; S. E. & E., .16; N. E. & N., .11.
1889—N. W. & W., .39; S. W. & S., .30; S. E. & E., .07; N. E. & N., .34.

	1890.	1889.
Mean height of barometer in inches	29.87	29.902
Maximum height of barometer in inches	30.327	30.440
Minimum	29.376	29.324
Mean humidity of the atmosphere	.82	.80

Let the flock-master always bear in mind that the best medicine is hay and oats, and the greatest medicine-chest ever invented is a good sheep-house and a master who has gumption and force and a tireless vigilance. Years ago in our own practice we practically discarded the use of arsenic, blue copperas in the salt (for paperskin), blue vitriol (for fowls) and tar (for maggots). The man whose eyes are like an eagle's, who notes, every time he goes by a sheep, the condition of its hair and its skin, and the suppleness of its walk, can throw physic to the dogs. The man who takes care of his flock as he ought will have very little time to bother with a sick sheep, and, if what is better, he will have very few to bother with.—*Ex.*

Why is farming property depreciating? E. I. Wilcox told the Chautauqua county, New York, horticultural society that it was because the farmers themselves are depreciating, and added: "If the farmers in this county would stand up for their farms and their occupation, the farms of the county would increase twenty-five per cent."

Horse Department.

Winter is here, when young colts will have to be brought out of the pastures and sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. It is a good time to resolve that they shall be made so tame that they will not fear the approach of a human being any more than they do another colt, says a breeder of experience. They are fond of being petted, and with constant kindness will become as gentle and docile as any family dog. A nubbin of corn in the pocket, a handful of grain, salt or sugar, to be offered to him occasionally, will cause him to look for it whenever approached. Such colts can be taught to be handled in a kitten, and this gentleness will last him through life unless adverse influences intervene and drive out the good which has been instilled into him. When I see colts that are afraid of every body's approach I know there is something wrong in the heads of their owners. I regard a skittish colt or horse as much a sign of poor farming as tumble-down fences and dilapidated buildings. All can be prevented, and good management will do it. Any one with a dollars and dollars more than he would be were he not gentle, and the time to make him so is to commence when he is a young colt, and let his treatment be kind continuously.

In order to properly understand the position of others put yourself in their place. This may be very aptly applied in regard to your horses. If you will get out of your vehicle some time and trot along on the dusty roads at about as high a rate of speed as you can go, you may know how to sympathize with your driving horses. If you will put a load on a wheelbarrow and push it through the soft ground of a plowed field all day you will know how to sympathize with the horses which draw your plows, harrows, etc., in cultivating your grain or your reapers and mowers in harvesting it. If you will do without a drink from morning till noon and from noon till night when you are working hard, you will know exactly how horses feel when they are worked a portion of a day. If you will eat but one kind of diet three times a day the year round, no matter how it agrees with you, you will know how your horses feel when you feed grain three times a day one season with another. If you will keep your horses in their clothes during the heat of the summer you will know how your horses feel to have to work hard in the hot sun with harness on that almost completely covers them. There are a thousand and one things in which you can put yourself in their places, and by so doing receive more consideration if you would only stop and think how you would feel if you were in their place. Keep this idea in view and you will be a better horseman for having done so.

Legislation.

We were glad to publish the communication of our correspondent and subscriber, in relation to "Horse Legislation," and would be pleased if more would criticise what is said in the horse column. In this way only, can satisfaction be secured. But our subscriber mistakes entirely the thought of the original article. We have a law in Maine requiring the filing of the pedigree, in order for the service fee to be collected, but this law is disregarded. We urged a law prohibiting the unsound stallions, not in the interest of the few, but to protect the many who do not stop to examine either pedigree, or individual, size, action or disposition before engaging services. To be sure there are those met by such fools of themselves, but the fact must be kept in mind that these finer points have not been grasped as they should, and we believe there is need of action to shut out the family, imperfect and unsound stallions. We urge this not in the interest of any family or class because imperfections may creep out anywhere. Again we re-state what in part our correspondent criticises, believing it to be proper. It is not a very serious question whether there should not be some more stringent legislation to protect our legitimate horsemen from being obliged to compete against unsound and blemished sires. The interest in Maine is not in its infancy. There can be no excuse to-day for not having a sound stallion, and the fact that others are permitted to be carted about from house to house, begging for service, and supplying the hoss of inferior stock, which is surely a burden for our State to carry, should insure the passage of a most stringent law, which will remedy the difficulty and do away with the nuisance. If good stallions, of real merit, were difficult to find, there might be an argument in favor of poorer stock, but to-day there is none. There is no class legislation attempted, no fancy desired but simply and only soundness. If our correspondent will re-read the entire article we fancy the result will be that both stand upon the same footing practically.

The *Farmer* has never in any way advocated any class, or special interests. The best good of the farmers of the State has been the one thought with those who weekly direct the course of the paper. And because this position must be maintained, we still urge legislation to protect the great body of farmers from fraud, injustice and imposition, whether in stock, seeds, plants or taxation. This should be our rallying cry and efforts should be continued until results are obtained.

Hints for the Stable.

Nothing in the ordinary surroundings of a horse, says the *Horse World*, can be so injurious as the absence of good ventilation. Any number of horses are kept in places where no ventilation exists; and in many places where ventilators were put in by a well-meaning hand, one finds them filled up with straw and hay. Now, when it is remembered that a horse breathes much stronger than a man, that the exhalations from his skin and elsewhere are so much greater than from any human being, it only stands to reason that ill-ventilated stables cannot possibly be preservative of the horse's health any more than a foul smelling room would be of a human being's health. If a stable owner wants to know the atmosphere that his horses breathe, let him be the first man in his stable of a morning, when, unless his power of scent is all but gone, he will often have occasion to be horrified at the air that his animals have to breathe. Free ventilation may, at times, have a tendency to cause colts to stare, but that is not half as bad as to undermine the horse's health by making him breathe foul air. Good light is likewise of great importance in the stable. Vegetation will die in a half-darkened room, it wants the sun's rays to keep up its vitality, the trees in the forest grow straight, so as to obtain their share of light, and their lower branches die off because the light does not penetrate to them. Is it reasonable to suppose that animals can be deprived of the vitalizing influences of light with impunity?

There have been some very good horses with rat-tails; in fact, there are good horses more than there are bad ones. Who has not a poor individual in front of a tail thus apparently neglected by nature, but a well-grown mane and tail will always add to the money value of an animal; although neither will make a bad horse into a good one, the deficiency of either, and especially of the tail, will frequently make all the difference between selling and having to keep on hand a high class horse. Both manes and tails are too often neglected by the farmer and small breeder. Nature must, of course, lay the foundation for good appendages, but good treatment will do a good deal towards a fine development. On the other hand, the very finest tails and manes may be utterly spoiled by neglect. When a horse or colt is taken up from the pasture, the mane and tail should be thoroughly washed with hot water and some carbolic soap, the latter to kill the germs of insects and parasites. Then they should be well combed out. If the mane does not lie well on the side where it is wanted, it can usually be made to do so by first bathing it in very hot water applied with a brush, and then plaiting it with lead. After the mane and tail have been reduced to proper thickness, neither should be combed any more, but they should be frequently brushed with a strong brush, kept expressly for the purpose.

Among horses standing idle, taken up fresh from grass, it is sometimes noticed that it will rub its tail, which causes the hair to break off near the skin, and may sometimes permanently destroy the beauty of the tail. The incentive may be an affection of the skin, but in most cases it arises from worms in the rectum. It is best to carefully wash the tail and to try and locate the cause. If it appears to be a skin disease on the rump or dock, wash twice a day with a lotion made by dissolving about a teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water. In the interim put on glycerine and oil with a feather. If worms be the cause, a safe expedient is found in giving injections of tepid salt water—one ounce of salt to a gallon of water, and not more. Each injection will cause a number of worms to be expelled, and the treatment should be repeated at intervals of a day or two until the worms appear to have been ejected.

Again is much diversity of opinion as regards the propriety of bedding down horses during the day. Some good horse breeders advocate giving the horses plenty of litter to stand on, at least after noontime. Others like to keep straw or chaff entirely out of the stalls all the time, so that it may absorb the urine. Yet it is obvious, for the reasons hereafter stated, that the stables should be kept free from litter all day long, excepting what may be the occasional bedding of the night, and must get his rest during the day. Litter, like charity, may "hide a multitude of sins" in the matter of dirt. Yet that is not the worst fault. The graver and more reprehensive reason is, that it is injuriously upon the whole system of the horse. Coolness is essential for the growth of the horn which forms the casing of the hoof as well as for the health of the feet, yet, by keeping stables bedded down all day, the exact opposite is obtained. Horses legs are apt to swell, their hoofs crack, and other evils result. Already in the last century, Lord Pembroke, a very excellent English writer on the horse, incorporated the following in his book: "Standing on litter is a bad custom; the constant use of it makes the feet tender, and causes swelled legs, moreover it renders the animal delicate. Swelled legs may frequently be reduced to their proper natural size by taking away the litter only. I have seen by repeated experiments, legs swell and unswell by only leaving litter or taking it away, like mercury rises or falls in a perfect glass. Another reason why litter should be removed, is to allow the planking to dry and evaporate.

Poultry Department.

Egg eating is a habit, the result of some want not supplied in the food. The remedy lies in a change of diet and in providing an abundance of work.

The man whose pullets are now laying can laugh in his sleeve, while his neighbor who declares that "it's contrary to natur," will be complaining in May that his hens lay only when eggs are worth nothing.

Massachusetts produced in 1885, 7,072,187½ dozen of eggs, the average price received was 22.8–10 cents, and the total value of the product was $1,615,582. During the same year the poultry grown brought $431,582, an average of 17 cts. per pound. Surely it pays to follow the poultry business, provided it is followed persistently and enthusiastically.

The *Farm Journal* says that to prevent lice dry, air-slaked lime should be used quite freely over the runs and in the poultry house. Also to procure a useful powder bellows and a pound or two of fresh pyrethrum powder. When the birds have got to roost dust them freely, making the air in the coops thick with the powder. This will be sure death to lice if not to the gape worm.

To attempt to sum up in a condensed form the rules governing, or to govern, in successful poultry breeding we should give the following:

1st. Plenty of exercise.
2d. Variety of muscle-producing food.
3d. Careful attention to the digestive organs.
4th. Fresh air.
5th. Scrupulous cleanliness.

The *Fanciers' Journal* says this country feeds 45,000,000 eggs every day. If this be true, there is every reason why the pullets ought to be well managed at this time. The State of Maine could very nearly supply the entire demand, and with great profit to the growers. These deserted farms ought to be made to blossom under the fruits of practical poultry culture. Why not double the product in 1891?

If your boy or girl has a love for poultry, cultivate it, encourage it. Better by far have them spending their time about the flocks than roaming the streets or loafing about the stores listening to the vile stuff so often peddled there. If you can increase their taste for the practical and useful as well as ornamental, it will insure you a better return than a love for the wine or gaming table. The trouble with far too many boys is that they haven't been encouraged at home; they haven't been made to see the bright side of life there. Try this better way and see how it works.

Boiling an Egg.

"Isn't it strange," said a short, foreign-looking man the other day to some companions, while lunching together at one of the restaurants, "that not one cook in fifty, nor housekeeper either, knows how to boil an egg? And yet most people think they know this simple matter. They will tell you to drop it into boiling water and let it remain three minutes, and to be sure the water is boiling.

"Here is where the mistake is made. An egg so prepared is indigestible, and hardly fit for a well person, let alone one who is sick, to eat. The moment it is plunged into boiling water the white hardens and toughens. To boil an egg properly put it in a vessel, cover with cold water, place over the fire and the second the water begins to boil your egg is done. The white is as delicate as a jelly and as easily digested and nutritious, as it should be. Try it."

The information is worthy of consideration, since the speaker has occupied the place of chef at several of the largest hotels in the country.—*Chicago Tribune.*

[Having followed this practice for months we can testify to the claims here made.—ED.]

Fowls for Dairymen.

Butter dairymen ought to keep hens, and they ought to make enough money out of them to pay all the expenses of marketing their butter and have a considerable margin beside. The skimmed milk, if fed to hens will pay better, we believe, than if fed to pigs, and fresh eggs, those that can be guaranteed fresh, will always sell for more than cost. We notice that some of the Western creameries, conducted on the cream-gathering system, are buying eggs from the dairymen, putting them in cold storage, and later realizing a handsome profit on them. We think the farmers ought to have this profit themselves, and they could have it if they would pack their eggs away when they are cheap and sell when the price goes up. Sometimes eggs are very low in a country town, while at the same time they are comparatively high in a large city not far off. For instance, we know that recently eggs were selling for eight cents per dozen in a certain small town, and at the same time brought twenty-two cents in a city only eight hours distant by rail. Dealers in the large cities have buyers who buy up these eight-cent eggs, ship them to a good market and make a big profit. This profit could as well be secured by the producer as by middlemen. If a few neighbors would club together and send their eggs every week to a good market, they would have more respect for the poultry business than many seem to have now.—*American Stockman.*

Poultry Items.

There are people who think raising poultry and eggs for market is small business anyway; let all such meditate on the following figures:

Over 20,000 carloads of live and dressed poultry are carried into New York city yearly, and 25,000,000 dozens of eggs go to the same market. According to the best estimates, the United States produces nine thousand millions of eggs annually.

France exports eggs yearly to the value of $6,000,000.

In Great Britain the demand for poultry and eggs exceeds the supply.

The wild guinea fowl that grows in all gardens during the summer months makes excellent green food for fowls that are confined. Chop it up and mix with scalded corn meal.

One bushel of corn and oats ground together and fed to poultry will produce fifteen pounds of flesh. How many pounds of pork would the same quantity of food produce?

A cross between fine blooded Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins will produce the largest fowls known.

After chicks are a month old cracked corn and wheat screenings are better for them than dough.

Exhibition poultry is generally a poor investment for breeding purposes. They are generally stuffed for some time previous to the shows, in order to attain the greatest possible weight, for other points being equal, the biggest bird gets the prize.—*Fanny Field in Prairie Farmer.*

Eggs.

Every housewife knows that there is a vast difference in the color of the yolks of eggs, and wonders what makes the difference. Merchants, who deal in eggs, are at a loss to know why some are pale and some are rich yellow, the pale ones predominating in the winter.

The color of the yolk is largely, if not wholly, due to the food consumed by the hens. A hen can no more make rich yellow yolks to her eggs when fed on certain foods, than a weaver can make silk cloth from his loom from cotton yarn.

Green food helps out the color amazingly, and fowls which are plentifully supplied with it generally furnish yolks of the desired color. Good, sound, yellow, flint corn also helps out the color, while oats has a tendency towards making the yolks pale.

Much is to be learned in reference to the influence of grains upon the color of the yolks of eggs, but the fundamental principle is evident—the color is derived from food. With this as a basis, it would not be difficult to ascertain which grains were the best for this purpose. If poultry raisers would experiment with the different grains. The difficulty is in getting them to experiment.

It is too much to expect the breeder who keeps only one or two pens of fowls to solve this problem. He has not the material nor the conveniences at hand to do it. But the man who keeps a large number of one variety, who has pen after pen of fowls, could, in two months, test nearly every grain and their various combinations in their effect upon the color of the yolks, if he would. The first test would be key to the whole situation.

Poultry Department.

A Mine of Wealth.

The discourse on eggs which Mr. Simmonds delivered before the Society of Arts in London, is well worthy of the most careful consideration. Eggs, according to the lecturer, constitute a neglected mine of wealth. They are the one agricultural product for which the demand is unlimited, and perhaps the only one in which we might, did we choose, defy foreign competition. They not only mean money, but they command prices that admit of profit on the smallest scale, for which beef and mutton are of little account and wheat barley worth mentioning. Hens, for those who know how to utilize them, lay eggs which, if not made of gold, are quite capable of being converted into that metal, when they are no longer available all the year round, one month with another, at something not much short of a penny apiece, while the eggs of ducks will bring a still more remunerative price. Eggs are a meal in themselves. Every element necessary to the support of man is contained within the limits of an egg-shell, in the best proportions and in the most palatable form.

Plain boiled, they master all French cookery, however, affirm that it is easy to dress them in more than 500 different ways, each method not only economical but salutary in the highest degree. No honest appetite ever yet rejected an egg in any disguise. It is nutriment in the most portable form and in the most concentrated shape. Whole nations of mankind rarely touch any other animal food. Kings eat them plain as readily as do the humble tribesmen.

After the victory of Muhldorf, when the Kasler Ludwig sat at meat with his burgrafs and great captains, he determined on a plan of action—"one egg a day," said he, and two to the excellently valiant Schwepperman." For more than fish—for its watery diet—eggs are the scholar's fare. They contain phosphorus, which is brain food, and sulphur, which performs a variety of functions in the economy. And they are the best of nutriment for children, for, in a compact form, they contain everything that is necessary for the growth of the youthful frame. Eggs are, however, not only food—they are medicine also. The white is the most efficacious of remedies for burns, and the oil extractable from the yolk is regarded by the Russians as an almost miraculous salve for cuts, bruises and scratches.

A raw egg, if swallowed in time, will effectually detach a fish bone in the throat, and the white of two eggs will render the deadly corrosive sublimate as harmless as a dose of calomel. They strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its more malignant phase. They can also be drunk in the shape of that "egg flip" which sustains the oratorical efforts of a modern statesman. The merits of eggs do not end even here. In France alone the wine clarifiers use more than 50,000,000 a year, and the Alsatians consume fully 36,000,000 in calico printing and for dressing the leather used in making the finest of French kid gloves. Finally, not to mention various other employments for eggs in the arts, they may, of course, almost without trouble on the farmer's part, be converted into fowls, which in any shape are profitable to the seller and welcome to the buyer. Even shells are valuable, for alkopath and homeopath alike agree in regarding them as the purest of carbonate of lime.

Woman's Department.

Woman's Work in the Grange.

One fact is to-day self-evident. That is, if the order of Patrons of Husbandry goes down, the sisters will be the greatest sufferers. The brothers, mingling more or less with their fellow workers, have not realized how the home life of the farm was drifting towards complete isolation. Inside the home, alone at her work, the good house wife has felt this in all its terrible reality, and been fighting against it, yet fighting with heavy odds to overcome. The Grange came and isolation gave way to something better. It opened the way for a more extended acquaintance, and for a brightening of the whole life of the home. As the Grange has increased in numbers the sphere of woman's work has also been enlarged. An equal in the order, equal duties have been assigned the sisters, and the good influence is everywhere recognized and appreciated. At the late session of the National Grange this topic of woman's work received considerable attention, and a portion of this report I would especially notice at this time. The committee on woman's work during the past year, have been diligent in carrying out a systematic plan of work for the good of the order. The general supervision of the States having been divided between three, each one has tried to do her part.

They have sent out upwards of 30,000 circular letters of instructions, besides several hundred written communications in answer to special inquiry.

They have felt the need of juvenile rituals in many places, and have found it hard to satisfy the repeated calls for something of the kind, in order that the children might be organized and so helped and instructed.

From Connecticut

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Dec. 11, 1890.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Knox county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Aroostook county.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

The *Fredericton* (N. B.) *Gleaner* complains that so many of New Brunswick's young men have gone to the States this winter that the singing schools can't be kept up.

Mr. J. N. Hart, who has been one of the instructors at the Maine State College during the past four years, has been elected Professor of Mathematics with an annual salary of $1500.

The Methodist women are certainly to be accorded their rights. Enough votes are in, says the *Philadelphia Methodist*, to show that the Methodist women have been voted the right to seats in the general conference as lay delegates.

How many deplorable fatal accidents we have to record, couched in brief in these words, "mistaken for a deer by his friend, and killed." This is the old, old story that comes from the backwoods of Maine, and no heed seems to be given to the sad lesson, so often repeated.

Emperor William said to the new soldiers of his guards last week, that "no one could be a good soldier who was not a good Christian. Those who took the oath of allegiance to him as their earthly master, ought before all things to remain faithful to their heavenly Lord and Saviour."

Mr. Richard B. Caldwell, formerly of the *Kennebec Reporter*, Gardiner, has become part owner and editor of *The Twin City Daily Journal*, published at La Salle and Peru, Ill. Mr. Caldwell, from being a staid and quiet citizen of the Kennebec valley, has become one of the literary rustlers of the great West, and is capable of editing several newspapers at the same time.

Aunt Patty Richardson of Bethel, up in Windsor county, Vermont, is said to be the last survivor of the widows of Revolutionary soldiers. She has nearly completed her ninety-first year, but is to-day a brisk and active woman, who prides herself upon good housekeeping. Her husband was Godfrey Richardson, a native of Cambridge, Mass., who fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and was afterward a surgeon in the patriot army. Mrs. Richardson draws a widow's pension.

We wish again to warn our farmer friends concerning the sale of their hay. It is in the interest of the buyers to represent that hay in the Boston markets is declining, but the lowest quotations are from $13 to $16. It costs $2 to press every ton of hay, and $2.50 to ship it from Augusta to Boston. The hay this year, in our State, is of most excellent quality, and there is no necessity of sacrificing it at a lower price. Hold on to it or eat it up on the farm, which will be better than a sale.

Governor Burleigh has been elected an honorary member of the Trinity Historical Society at Dallas, Texas. Last week the Governor received invitations to attend the exercises at the opening of the *New York World's* new building next Wednesday; also the banquet which the commercial organizations of New Orleans give the National Board of Trade at New Orleans on Wednesday next. The Governor was obliged to decline both invitations on account of official duties.

A somewhat curious decision has been made by a St. Louis court in the case where the executors of an estate were sued for $600, the price of a girl sold in the slavery days. The court gave judgment in favor of the plaintiff, upon the ground that the contract of the sale had been made before slavery had been proclaimed illegal, hence emancipation did not invalidate the debt. It is doubtful if any other court will have occasion to decide upon this point. But this case is a suggestive reminder of the times when the traffic in humanity was legalized by a great republic.

An estimate recently made of the number of soldiers of the late Rebellion surviving July 1, 1890, shows a grand army of 1,246,069. The number enlisted during the war, excluding re-enlistments, was 2,213,365. Of these, it is estimated, 364,116 died of wounds or disease during the war, and 25,284 died after discharge prior to July 1, 1865. Deducting, also, 121,896 deserters left 1,702,069 survivors on July 1, 1865. Some of these by reason of wounds or disease contracted in the service were subject to a greater death rate than the ordinary "life tables." Making allowance for this calculation shows that on July 1, 1890, there were probably 1,346,089 survivors, of whom more than 100,000 were 62 years of age or over. Nearly one-third of the survivors appear to be on the pension rolls, the army of invalid pensioners numbering 392,809.

A defect in public school teaching is the failure to practice pupils in the reading of handwriting. They are taught to read print from the first day in school until the last, but little or no attention is given to the reading of written matter other than what they have written themselves. Script reading is an accomplishment necessary in many occupations, and it is one in which the average school boy or school girl is particularly deficient. The boys who go into stores, printing offices, telegraph offices and the offices of professional men have much greater value when they can read ordinary handwriting at a glance. It is an art acquired by practice, it is true, but the practice should be begun and pursued all through the public school course. It is quite as practical as any study that can be named. A youngster who can read off-hand the most of the manuscript met with in a lawyer's office or an editor's office, is a jewel and worth twenty who are only educated in their legs and can "run errands" speedily. It would be an excellent exercise and no little fun if teachers would occasionally bring in a bundle of business men's script and set the children to puzzling it out. This is just what they will be called upon to do a little later on when they are flung into the world to fight for a living.

At the convention of the Farmers' Alliance, at Ocala, Florida, Friday, the platform adopted demands the abolition of national banks and the substitution of legal tender treasury notes in lieu of national bank notes, in sufficient volume to carry on the business of the country on a cash system. It further demands the prevention by law of dealing in "futures" in all agricultural and mechanical productions; free and unlimited coinage of silver; prohibition of alien ownership of land, the adoption of a just plan by which the government may acquire ownership in such lands, and also in lands held by the railroad companies in excess of actual use; that taxation, state and national, may not be used to build up one interest or class at the expense of another; that all revenues, national, state and county, be limited to the actual necessary expenditures of the government, economically and honestly administered; that Congress issue a sufficient fractional paper currency; that to facilitate the exchange of through mails, all means of communication and transportation be controlled by the government. Liberty to control and operate all railroads and telegraph lines shall vest in the government. If, after a fair trial of this system, it is found it does not afford the relief demanded, the government's ownership shall be complete. Alliance lecturers, the newspapers and organizations of the Alliance shall support the platform or suffer suspension from the order. No candidate for any national political office shall be supported by Alliance members unless he endorses this platform.

THE STORY OF THE REAR GUARD. The public will thank Mr. Stanley, the explorer, for opening his mouth in his defence, in answer to the unjustifiable assaults made upon him by the families of Maj. Barttelot, the commander of the rear guard, and Barttelot's companion, Mr. Jameson. Stanley stood the accusation as long as human nature was able to, and at Chickering Hall, New York city, Wednesday night, he told the "Full story of the Rear Guard." No one can read the story without being impressed with its straightforwardness and truth. From time immemorial it has been the custom to regard the dead as free from censure, and to bury their misdeeds with them in their graves. But it must be admitted that it is as cruel and unjust to slander and vilify the living. The publication of Maj. Barttelot's diary and letters has caused the public to denounce Stanley as cruel and unjust to the dead, as well as to the living. The expedition for the relief of Emin is now called by the newspapers the land-grabbing scheme of a party of speculators, and Englishmen of known worth and integrity are involved in this abuse—gentlemen whose instructions to Mr. Stanley were without a flaw, whose motives were without sordid taint. Mr. Stanley said:

"As for myself, I proudly dare submit to the most searching examination as to the motives which induced me to volunteer for the service. My life of African exploration has been a life given to the service of humanity and civilization. I have, to the best of my power, and wherever it was possible, helped and befriended the poor African. I have regarded him, not as an equal, but rather as a child, to be treated with great mercy and forbearance. I am proud and thankful that I am known throughout Africa, from east to west, from tribe to tribe, as a just man, who desires peace, and is a father to his men. I think my life's work should be a sufficient protest against these base charges."

Stanley then proceeds to detail the organization of the rear guard.

"After the advance column had returned from the Albert Nyanza we found, to our grief and horror, that Major Barttelot had been shot, that Mr. Troup had been invalided at home, that Mr. Jameson was away at Stanley Falls, and Mr. Ward was detained at Banalya, and that 164 Zanzibaris and Soudanese were either dead, deserted or missing; that 42 were dying then in camp; that there were only 60 men left out of 375 men able to travel; that only about one-third of the goods were left, and that the report of the survivors was so shocking in its character and nature, revealing so much irresolution, weakness, unmanliness, craven submission to tyranny, selfishness and brutality, that I was compelled to say that the rear column was wrecked by the irresolution, neglect and indifference of its officers. I cannot understand why the five officers, having means for moving, confessedly burning with a desire to move, and animated with the highest feelings, did not set forward on our track as directed; or why, believing I was alive, the officers sent my personal baggage down the river and reduced their Chief to a state of destitution; or why they should send European provisions and two dozen bottles of Madeira wine down river when there were 33 men sick and hungry in camp; or why Mr. Bonny should allow his own private kit to be sent down while he was present; or why Mr. Ward should be sent down river with a dispatch, and an order sent after him to prevent his return to the expedition. Imagine, then, the effect of the true story that his leader, Major Barttelot, not been so violent in his conduct as to be in the habit of perpetually stalking about in the camp, grinning like a fiend, prodding men with a steel-pointed staff, striking them indiscriminately, terrifying the poor people out of their senses by his demoniac conduct, flogging two men to death, striking a Manyuema's brains out, kicking a boy called so seriously that he died, shooting a Soudanese soldier for stealing a piece of meat; and then telling me that while in the act of hitting and kicking a Chief's wife he had been shot by the infuriated husband.

Imagine him telling me of another officer having bought a little girl, 10 years old, and surrendering her into the hands of cannibals, who had slaughtered and carved her on the spot, in order that his curiosity to see an act of cannibalism carried out in all its horrible details might be fully gratified.

Imagine the Zanzibaris and Soudanese followers of the expedition emphasizing these terrible stories with gestures, looks, sighs, heart-rending ejaculations; showing their scarred and ulcered backs and inveighing against intolerable oppression, venting their anguish in sobs, pointing to their thinned numbers, and of miserable men even then dying in my presence.

Imagine me hearing that Messrs. Ward, Troup and Bonny came up to this moral swamp at Yambuya with 389 healthy men from Bolobo on the 17th of August, 1887, and after reading the written instructions coming only to one conclusion, that it was better to stay at Yambuya, as a forward movement was impossible.

Imagine me then listening to a description of those aimless wanderings to and fro between Yambuya and Stanley Falls to try and induce Tippo Tib to assist them with garrison, and their own men steadily dying by two and three dozen a day; and while the months were slowly passing with their deadly monotony of climatic troubles, camp squabbles, petty resentments, jealousies and bickerings, not one venturing to break the fearful inaction by a protest against the corrupt influence that was at work destroying their manhood, their independence of mind, and native force of character.

It is said that Messrs. Troup, Ward and Bonny had some misgivings that things were going wrong, but, if Mr. Bonny suggested to Mr. Troup and Mr. Ward that they should demand an explanation from the Major as to his intentions, the other two held back.

If Mr. Bonny, who seems to have been the most sensible and manly of the number, proposed to the Major that he should be permitted to advance along in our track with 50 men, to obtain news of the advance column, he is peremptorily forbidden to think of such a thing. Although he is conscious that it would have been a wise act, he yields to the Major's imperiousness.

I am told also that the Major is constantly expecting to hear of a war between England and Russia, and he is impatient to find an excuse to be away. He expressed a wish that he were sick enough to be sent home as an invalid.

Then an idea comes into his head that he can do a good deal of exploration by himself, with Jameson for his companion, and that he intends to let the other fellows shift for themselves.

But hearing news from the gossipy Arabs of the falls that Stanley or some other white man is at Ujiji with 50 people, he forthwith fastened upon the idea that that would be the route to take. When the other officers hear these things one of them, I am told, has an intention of publicity telling the Major that those ideas of his are not according to the letter of instructions, but the other officers refuse to support him. Mr. Stanley then tells of indifference to written orders, Mr. Ward's proposition to cancel Stanley's orders, Barttelot's indifference to his dead and dying companions their want of pluck and perseverance. I say that I cannot understand why Barttelot should go on, day after day, crushing to death the helpless, docile humanity placed under his charge, when the smallest reflection would have impressed him with the fact that he could not have marched or done anything in Africa without those men.

I cannot understand why he should continue his career of cruelty, depriving himself of faithful soldiers and carriers, prefering slaves, for whose necks he had to purchase chains.

I cannot understand why Jameson, having had the honor and the privilege of accompanying us, should be so blinded by his friendship for Barttelot as not to perceive that he was rendering it impossible that he should reap the advantages he expected on when he joined us.

I cannot understand how Jameson should suddenly have become such a portentious character as he is represented when buying a little girl and having her deliberately murdered before his eyes, for the gratification of a morbid curiosity.

I cannot understand why Messrs. Troup, Ward and Bonny—sufficiently educated, as is clear from their letters—should allow Barttelot to go on kicking and striking, slaying, stabbing and biting human beings, whom they were bound to protect, were it only for the sake of their own fair fame and interests.

Was Barttelot insane? Then must Jameson also have been insane.

Then insanity must have overpowered the reason of the three surviving officers, or I am insane in supposing that the fearful acts, this stupid malignity, this remorseless cruelty, this incomprehensible perversity, deserving of my censure.

My criticism of the three surviving officers was provoked by the fact that they were three against one, who seemed—if what I heard was true—to have been gaining a terrible notoriety among all the natives and blacks as a brutal, tyrannical man, whose mad and wicked course it would be a blessing to arrest in some way.

The easiest way was to combine together, and go to him and verbally make their protest.

The next way was for them all to make a written protest, wherein it would be shown what the consequences would be if he persisted in his tyrannical conduct.

The last resort was to take hold and bind him, and take him to Stanley Falls as a mad-man.

It appears that they did not do any of these things, but that they allowed the unfortunate man to continue his course from bad to worse; allowed their men to die until 100 graves had been made at Yambuya; that they allowed 33 to be abandoned; that they permitted him to shoot, flog and kick and beat men to death.

It is now too apparent that I made a great mistake in appointing Barttelot to command the rear column. But should I have been wiser to have substituted Troup, who has proved himself so unworthy in the character of a subordinate; who, knowing his Chief to be cruel and tyrannical, until he himself was confessedly a victim, could not see that his duty was to prevent such excesses by every means in his power?

Mr. Stanley then proceeds to reiterate what he has before declared, that the only charges he has made are that the rear column was wrecked by the irresolution of its officers, the neglect of their promises, and their indifference to their written orders. In all this they committed a pitiable error of judgment. The most that can be said against Mr. Stanley is that he was unfortunate in his choice of associates for the expedition. It is evident that he did the best he could with the forces at his disposal, and the wasting away of the rear guard was a contingency that he could not have anticipated when he pushed on to what seemed at that time the urgent necessity of trying to rescue Emin from a dangerous position.

THE NEW STATE HOUSE. Every one who has business at the State House will be charmed with Representatives' Hall, in its new and inviting dress. It is a credit to the State. Finished in light-tinted decorations on the walls and ceiling, whitewood wainscotting and oak chairs and desks, it makes a very tasty room, and one well fitted to receive the Solons of the Maine House, among whom are numbered many young, bright and able men. The desks are now going in, and, by a plan that has been recently adopted, thirteen feet of space is left between the front of the seats and Speaker's desk. This is a foot more than there was under the old arrangement. The Speaker's and Clerk's desks are now set in the alcove created for the purpose and do not occupy any space in the hall. The aisles are two feet, eight inches in width, while in the rear a passageway of the same width is left between the door at the rear corners of the hall.

The aisles and floor in front are to be carpeted with Axminister carpet of small figure and light tint, while under the seats are to be mats of the same material. This carpet is heavy and rich, and in quality very superior. A rubber matting is to cover the walk at the rear of the hall.

The Clerk's desk is a beauty and in front has pilasters and carved capitals with enrichments above. The cover is an ornamented one with carved medallions beneath. The Speaker's desk is something similar only it has a swell front, and on each side a post, brass rail and drapery. New chairs are provided for the Speaker and Clerks, the three costing $100. There is to be no drapery over the Speaker's stand, but on the wall above it is proposed to hang portraits of prominent public men. It is the intention to give the newspaper men positions in front, leaves being attached to the backs of the front desks for their convenience.

The chandelier for the hall is an elegant affair. Six feet across, it will hang 18 feet below the ceiling, having 72 burners, 36 of which are "Roman candles" for gas and the remainder electric drop lights.

The third floor of the new State House is now practically completed. The committee rooms are to be furnished at once, the furniture to match the wood work of the apartments, ash on the third floor and oak on the first and second. In addition to tables, from 10 to 18 arm chairs will be purchased for each room and from 15 to 20 other chairs. Curtains of suitable material are to be furnished. The State Treasurer moves into his new quarters this week, but the Secretary of State and Adjutant General will defer their moving until after the legislature meets, as their rooms are not furnished and there is no money available for buying furniture. If they should occupy the rooms now, with their old furniture, the legislature might say "your old traps are good enough, we have no money to spare." The valuation commission is to occupy the apartments designed for the Adjutant General, at present.

NELSON. On Saturday, in New York city, at the final session of the National Trotting Association, a letter was presented from C. H. Nelson concerning the Balch stallion race at Beacon Park, last year. Mr. Nelson says in his letter that an agreement of a friend was compiled with, whereby Frank L. Noble, the owner of Alcryon, did receive the money ($5,000) won by Nelson in the race, besides obtaining the second premium, $2,500, which was awarded to Alcryon. Mr. Nelson says, "it is my firm belief that Nelson won the race on his merits, and that it was not in the power of Alcryon to have beaten him in either of the three heats that were trotted."

The board, after considering all the testimony, ordered that C. H. Nelson and the horse Nelson be expelled from the National Trotting Association.

An esteemed subscriber, Mr. L. P. Hayward of Fayville, Mass., writes us:

"Please find inclosed two dollars for the *Maine Farmer* another year. I hardly realize that the year 1890 is so near gone. Time flies fast; almost 79 years has flown since my parents left me to my own guide. The *Farmer* has been a weekly visitor at my house, and I learn to appreciate it more and more each year as my health and strength declines and I am not able to get about as I used to. I get a great deal of comfort in sitting down by the warm stove and peruse the good old *Farmer*; it brings the news from my old home. It was in August, that I was born and lived to be a man; but the most of my old friends and neighbors have passed on before. I shall soon be over there with them. The Lord bless and prosper you, is the prayer of an old subscriber."

The Supreme Court of Rhode Island has decided that Brown University is entitled to the $50,000 land scrip voted by Congress in 1863, the further appropriations voted by the last Congress of $15,000, an annual increase for 10 years by an additional sum of $1000 per annum, and, at the end, an annual appropriation of $25,000 for support of colleges for benefit of agriculture and mechanic arts, instead of the State agricultural school at Kingston. Since the passage of this last appropriation the Kingston school has been counting upon it. For 28 years Brown has benefitted 30 or more students by the proceeds of the first fund.

The *Worcester Gazette*, in alluding to Dr. G. M. Twitchell's recent lecture in that city, on "Some conditions for success in New England agriculture," pays him this compliment: "Dr. Twitchell's remarks were listened to with much interest, and started a great deal of thought in the minds of many, from the fact that the lecturer was asked so many questions—some too, not entirely on the subject. Prompt and concise replies were made which showed the complete mastery of the lecturer's mind over the subject. The paper showed much deep study and careful thought, coupled with a common sense idea in the application of the remarks to the every day life of the farmer."

Stories of deer hunting are so numerous in the papers, and Sherman being ahead as to age of hunter, it seems proper to add another to the list. A son of Mr. C. C. Joy, a lad only fourteen years of age, recently went out and shot two, in a few minutes in the morning. Old hunters had "seen" them; but the lad was the captor.

We regret to learn that the Hackney stallion Bendigo, shown in our columns only last week, has since died. He took a severe cold which could not be controlled. His loss will be severely felt by those in this State who had intended securing his services.

At the National Home, Togus, they are now using sixteen tons of coal daily; and eight barrels of flour daily are required to furnish bread for the inmates. There are many old soldiers at the Home in very feeble health.

An unusual instance of longevity is seen in the family of Frederick Hoyt of Skowhegan. Mr. Hoyt is 75 years old and one of a family of seven brothers and sisters, all of whom are living, the oldest being 87 years of age.

The will of the late August Belmont of New York provides for the sale of all his racing horses. His vast estate is all bequeathed to his family. No legacies for charity are made, but certain old servants are remembered.

In the case of the National Trotting Association against F. W. Spencer of Augusta, Me., in charge of trotting Ned Hunter, under the name of D. I. T., it was ordered that Spencer stand suspended until the further pleasure of the board.

PRESS CLUB DINNER. It was a happy thought of the editorial fraternity of Gardiner, that found expression in a gathering of the publishers and editors of the Kennebec Valley in that beautiful city, on Tuesday,—the object being to take preliminary steps in the formation of a Press Club. The attendance was larger than was anticipated. There came from Fairfield, E. P. Mayo of the *Journal*; from Augusta, Clarence B. Burleigh, S. L. Boardman, Chas. F. Flynt and John R. Boardman of the *Kennebec Journal*; Howard Owen of the *Farmer*; Dr. J. F. Hill, Dr. Wm. B. Lapham, and W. A. Newcomb; from Richmond, Ray Thompson of the *Bee*; from Bath, A. C. Shorey of the *Times*, F. W. Blanchard of the *Independent*, Harry Webber of the *Enterprise*, and H. W. Howard of the Howard Printing Co. The Gardiner members of the fraternity were represented by W. J. Landers of the *Reporter*, who has been very active in getting up the affair, E. W. Morrell of the *Home Journal*, T. W. Schurman of the *News*. There were present also Judge Webster, H. K. Morrell, O. B. Clason and Weston Lewis.

Through the courtesy of our Gardiner brethren, an excursion was taken over the cute little narrow gauge railroad to the National Home, where after a pleasant ride, we were kindly and most cordially welcomed to the institution by Gen. Stephenson and his subordinate officers, and shown over the great establishment. Perhaps one of the most interesting sights was the magnificent herd of Holstein cattle, some valuable statistics of which Gen. Stephenson has promised us. In our many visits to the Home, we never saw it in better condition than at the present time.

Returning to Gardiner, the fraternity partook of a banquet at the Evans House, gotten up in a manner equal to any spread provided in this vicinity for years. A delicate souvenir ménu, a table elegantly decorated with smilax and flowers, invited to the repast, which had been provided by the generosity of the members of the fraternity in Gardiner. Landlord Douglass had doubtless done his best. It would be a too strong temptation to our readers to publish the ménu, and we desist.

After the banquet, W. J. Landers, who presided, called to order, and cordially and gracefully welcomed the brethren to the city, and stated the objects of the meeting. Letters were read from those unable to be present. Many short speeches were made in the same vein, until it was voted to form a Press Club, composed of the editors, publishers, correspondents, and others connected with the press in the valley of the Kennebec. A committee was appointed to draft constitution and by-laws, nominate a list of officers, and issue the call for a meeting to organize a club, which we are sure will be for the social and business interests of all who avail themselves of its privileges. In return for this pleasant occasion, the printers of Augusta hope to welcome these brethren here at no distant day, and treat them to a ride over the proposed new railroad, which it is hoped will extend from this city to China!

IN THE HUNTING REGIONS. A gentleman who has recently been on a hunting trip at the Katahdin Iron Works region, reports that game is very abundant there and all sportsmen who try their luck do not come away empty-handed. Recently there was so much crust that it was difficult for a time to get within reach of the big game, as the loud crackling noise made by the hunters in breaking through could be heard for a long distance. The light snows, however, have enabled the hunters to track the deer, caribou and moose, and those who tried that method were generally successful. There are many places in the northern woods where game is abundant and can be secured without difficulty by sportsmen who know their business, while those who don't often have great luck are capturing game. There has been within the last few days, in the vicinity of Chemo Pond, Amherst and Clifton a large amount of the sport of dogging of deer carried on by the hunters. Game Wardens Morse and Perkins have captured several hounds, and if the owners are caught a heavy fine will be imposed upon them, as the law of the State on this particular subject is very severe. Probably half of the deer shot in Maine this year, have been killed with the use of dogs, and at present it is a little late for the game wardens to begin the work which should have been done before.

The death of the celebrated Stallion Electioneer, which occurred Thursday, will be felt all over the country. Several of his colts are to-day owned in Maine, and their influence is already being felt in the character of their offspring. Electioneer was a bay horse, 15.2½ high, foaled May 2, 1868; bred by Charles Backman, at Stony Ford, N. Y., and passed into the hands of Leonard Ayer, of Menlo Park, Cal., in 1877. Menlo, Cal., in 1877. His price was $10,000, and in 1888, 10 times that amount would not have bought him, while his service was restricted to the mares in the Palo Alto farm.

He was sired by Hambletonian 10, and disputed with George Wilkes the title of greatest son of the greatest head a trotting family has ever known. The dam of Electioneer was Green Mountain Maid, dam of Elaine, Prospero, Elista, Dame Trot, Mansfield, Storm, Antonio and Miranda. She was by Sayre's Harry Clay, 2.29, and her dam was the noted mare, of unknown breeding, Sidney Dillon.

As late as two years ago, the horsemen, while acknowledging Electioneer's wonderful doings in the stud, claimed that he would not get progenitors of trotting speed. His dam was backed up by the fact that Electioneer was 20 years old and his sons had done little.

Up to the close of 1889, Electioneer had 50 of his get in the 2.30 list, and this year he has added to the list 23 more, including the two-year-old championship mark, 2.18; the three-year-old, 2.10½, and this year leads the four-year-olds with 2.10¾. Palo Alto has the record of beating the best race horse in the world, 2.10¼, and Nancy Hanks the fastest heat ever trotted in a race, 2.13, to his credit. He has trotted the three fastest successive race heats to the credit of any horse, 2.18¾, 2.15, 2.13.

Mr. Nelson says that while in New York he received and refused an offer of $100,000 for the stallion Nelson, and that he also, in the presence of a number of prominent horsemen, offered to bet from $5000 to $10,000 that the Maine stallion can beat in a matched race any trotting horse that stands in the world, but none of the horsemen present seemed to take any exceptions to this statement, or to desire to wager any money to the contrary.

A novel case for the city of Portland is pending before the Superior Court. The plaintiff, a Cape Elizabeth man, brings suit against a Portland man, for alienation of his wife's affections, and the defendant in his plea on the general issue declares that the wife never had any affection for the husband, a proposition on which, it is to be supposed, he stands ready for trial. It will be a curious case if it ever comes to trial.

Col. Horace H. Burbank of Saco, County Attorney of York county, has resigned to take the position of Municipal Judge, the two offices being deemed incompatible. The resignation was read at the meeting of the Governor's Council, Thursday, and Walter P. Perkins, County Attorney elect, was appointed to fill the vacancy. The Governor will also read the resignation of Willis T. Emmons, as judge of the Municipal Court of Saco.

There is to be a grand dramatic entertainment at Cushnoc Grange Hall, Riverside, on Thursday evening, Dec. 18th, given by the talented young folks of that place. The great temperance drama of the "Little Brown Jug," and the laughable farce of "A Little More Cider," will be presented. At the close there will be an old-fashioned sociable and oyster supper. It is calculated to make this a happy occasion.

And wasn't it cold Tuesday morning! In Augusta, the thermometer showed 15 degrees below zero. From other towns in the State we have the following reports:

North Monmouth—Twenty degrees below zero.
Livermore Falls—Fifteen below.
Otis Falls—Eighteen below.
North Jay—Nineteen below.
Danville Junction—Seventeen below.
Skowhegan—Eighteen below.
Rumford Center—Nineteen below.

Mr. Frank Doe of Vassalboro has gone into insolvency. His liabilities are about $2,000, and most of his creditors are in Augusta.

Gov. Burleigh has reappointed David H. Chandler, Judge of the Farmington Municipal Court.

Buffalo Ball is a great Indian fighter—at least with his mouth.

If Parnell could only just see himself as others see him.

The editor of *London Punch* gets $15,000 a year. That *is* funny.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US. It is well sometimes to step outside of the ranks where we daily hold our position, and watch the columns as they pass, take note of the men and women in the procession, and thus measure the work upon which we are engaged. So in our organization, keeping steady pace with others in the regular work of the Grange, we can hardly tell what is going on about us unless we in some way catch the thought of those who stand upon the outside and watch the drift. One fact has been pressing upon us with increasing force, and that is that the Grange occupies a different position to-day from what it did a few years ago. It has passed through the trying period of its existence, and, thanks to the faithful band who have in years past stood by the colors, it is to-day recognized as a power for good in the State. It has been kept free from all political alliances, it has stood aloof from all partisan or sectarian discussions, and yet it has never spoken save with a clear ring in its tones upon political or religious questions. This dignified, straightforward course has left its mark, and everywhere the good influence of the order of Patrons of Husbandry is admitted. Men working for humanity in other bodies claim it as a faithful ally. Every true reform looks to it for encouragement and support. Every worthy enterprise seeks its fostering care and assistance. With this recognition on the part of the public, there comes increased responsibilities upon the patrons. Having set their plow in the furrow, it must be turned, and because of the watching and waiting of others that furrow must be straight. Duty is upon us as patrons to do more and better because more and better things are required.

I have been led to these thoughts while reading the following candid sketch from the *Atlanta Journal*, one of the leading dailies of that city: "So quiet, though solid, has been the work of the National Grange, and the recent years, that many casual observers, especially in the Southern States, have come to think it had ceased to exist, or exists only in a languishing condition. The present session in Atlanta of this dignified and able body, composed of representative farmers and their wives, proves beyond question how erroneous is any such idea.

"The voting members of the national Grange are, by its organic law, the masters of State Granges and their wives. The six surviving founders of the order, who are William Saunders, J. R. Thompson, John Trimble, Wm. M. Ireland of Washington City; A. McDowell of Pennsylvania, and O. H. Kelly of Clarabelle, Fla., together with the past masters of State Granges, and their wives, who are members of the order, are non-voting members. Thirty State Granges are still in existence, of which thirty-two are represented in this session, which is the twenty-fourth meeting of the National Grange. Now that this national lodge of the greatest secret order of farmers, their wives, their sons and daughters, that was ever organized has almost completed its first quarter of a century, it is most gratifying for all who have been attached to its work and its noble principles, to learn the truth that its financial condition—the very back bone, as all know, of every organization, was never in sounder condition than now. The annual revenue of the National Grange is now more than sufficient to meet all its annual expenses, including its annual session of ten days. The mileage and per diem of the delegates from every State, even distant California, Oregon and Washington are paid in full, and a good surplus is left for the use of the executive committee in its varied work for the extension of the order. From the origin of this fraternal order for farmers in 1866, it has had but one treasurer, Brother Incumbent, F. M. McDowell. Dr. John Trimble of Washington, has been secretary for six years.

For so large an organization as the National Grange, the death rate among the members and masters of State Granges in the twenty-four years of its existence has been remarkable.

Rev. A. B. Grosh, first chaplain of the National Grange, is the only one of the chaplains that has died, and the death list includes only some twenty masters of State Granges.

It is a fact worthy of record here that at no session of the National Grange has as large and even more representative body of men and women assembled than in the present session at Atlanta.

We find the officers and leading men of the order look with just pride to the record of the past years as one of marked growth and prosperity. They hope such renewed interest as this noble cause deserves will be aroused the coming year, especially among the farmers of our Southern States. No truer, purer, better organization for farmers was ever organized than the Grange. Its principles and work have stood the test of time."

A careful reading of the above should lead to renewed zeal, to fresh endeavor, to more earnest striving after the richer things of life and thus to a fulfilment of the prophecy of old that this order is to be one of the revolutionizing agencies of the nineteenth century.

A patient continuance in well doing will insure this.

G. M. TWITCHELL,
Lecturer Maine State Grange.

WILD ANIMALS IN AUGUSTA.—SEEING THE ELEPHANT. *Mr. Editor:* I saw in the *Farmer* of Oct. 16th, some account of wild animals on exhibition in Augusta in 1820. Now, as Mr. Greeley said about farming, I will tell you what I know about wild animals on exhibition in Augusta before that. About the year 1817 or 18, my father took me and an older brother up to Augusta to see an elephant (we then lived in Hallowell). When we got there we found him in one of the public stables. Father carried me in to see the elephant and I was just about frightened to death. I was so young. I was born in 1813, and could have been more than five or six years old. Father had to hold me in his arms to see, and when he put me down my brother had to lead me away in one of the horse stalls out of sight. In the course of the afternoon the keeper led the elephant out of the stable. Their was no canvass around the yard, any one could see that wanted to. He was a big animal with long tushes. Whether there was any menagerie, and I do not think there was, he came out of the stable he had long chains over his neck; then I was scared. There were no other animals with him. Well, we got home and I did not get killed.

Now for another great exhibition, shortly after that, father came home one day with a large show bill, of animals to be exhibited over to the "Hook," (that was what the village was called at that time.) The bill showed an elephant, lion, and some other animals.

Well, we boys hustled round to get the change, so we could see the caravan (that was what it was called then). My brother and myself went. When we got there it was in front of one of the public stables, with a canvass round the yard for protection. There was a little slip place to go in after we paid the fee, and the admittance was just sufficient to admit of one person passing for the young fry. Now perhaps many of the young class who will see this may not know how much it cost to get in. Well, I will tell you, ask the older ones. This exhibition showed an elephant, lion, pony, and some monkeys and two or three carriages of other animals. What they were I cannot say. It was years ago when I was quite young.

The keeper would bring the elephant out of the stable and go through some performance with him, and then he would fetch the little pony, and the children would ride him around in the yard. There were some wax figures in connection with the show, but I did not see them. Now this last show came some time before 1827, for in March, 1827, I gathered up my little dads and left that region for Penobscot county, and I never saw any caravan there since. So you see that dates back of the date in the *Farmer* of Oct. 16. Perhaps some may be living who recollect something of those exhibitions.

S. BULLEN.

Bradley, Dec. 8.

TWO BIG PENSIONS. One of the biggest pension allowances made to disabled private soldiers of the war of the Rebellion has recently been secured by John Jones of the town of Richfield, N. Y. Jones belonged to a New York regiment of volunteers. He claimed a pension on the ground that at the battle of Chancellorsville the explosion of muskets or cannon caused inflammation of his eyes, which has since terminated in total blindness. He is allowed $72 a month during life, with $15 806.27 back pay.

A pension allowance only a trifle less in amount has been awarded to another blind veteran of the ranks—Henry Wrighter of the town of Bedford. He served in a Pennsylvania regiment, and while on a long march suffered a sunstroke which caused total blindness. He has been awarded $15,750 arrears and $72 a month. The veteran has a passion for horses, and his first move after getting the check for his back pay was to pay $5500 for a farm and then to stock it with 22 horses and 14 sets of harnesses at a cost of nearly as much more.

REMEMBERS WASHINGTON. Uncle Jake Deshart, now 108 years old, a well known veteran democrat, was taken to Evansville, near Washington, a few days ago to the Catholic Institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor, but not being accorded his usual welcome escaped from the institution and walked back home, 65 miles. He is hale and hearty, and occasionally takes a glass of whiskey. He was born in Virginia, in 1782, and in his young days was a member of several exploring expeditions to the Northwest Territory, now comprising the States in the Upper Mississippi Valley, and his name is found recorded in several historical works.

He remembers distinctly when George Washington was inaugurated President the second term, and tells graphically of the scenes when George Washington died. He still works some, and walks two miles daily to and from his labor. He bids fair to live many years yet.

Grange News and Notes.

—The Dexter grangers met two weeks ago at the residence of Bro. Andrew Farrer, and husked out his corn, then repaired to the house, where we were warmly welcomed by Sister Farrar and daughters. A nice treat awaited us, and the remainder of the evening was spent in music, games, and social chat. All voted a general good time. About one hundred were present. Last week nearly one hundred and fifty grangers and neighbors met at T. L. Webber's and husked out his corn. A picnic supper with baked beans and coffee made the huskers ready for games in the big barn floor. All hoped more corn would be raised among the grangers and farmers next year, for these social gatherings are enjoyed by every one. COR.

—Dexter Grange is holding interesting sessions each week, and Tuesday of last week, an excellent entertainment and sociable was enjoyed at the hall. The first part of the evening was occupied in recitations, tableaux, music, etc., the latter part given up to social enjoyment, games, etc. Last Saturday evening the question, "What shall we Raise on the Farm to Produce the Most Profit?" was discussed. Decided one must raise whatever crop our land is best adapted to, or whatever we take the greatest interest in caring for, and whatever stock is paying best in the place where we live. We have some literary work each week. COR.

—Garland Grange is one of the most flourishing in this region. It numbers not far from one hundred and fifty members, and additions are constantly being made. The grangers are agitating the subject of building a new hall, as their present accommodations are not very good. The other afternoon was given to the children, who read and recited in a very creditable manner. Miss Sarah Curtis gave a short talk to the children, which was attentively listened to by both old and young. Refreshments were served especially for the children.

—Eureka Grange of Mapleton is out of debt, and owns a fine hall with a dining room overhead.

—*The Somerset Pomona at Fairfield.* The regular December meeting was held with Victor Grange, Fairfield. Owing to the extreme cold weather the attendance was small, but the meeting was earnest and interesting. Worthy Master L. H. Moulton came thirty-three miles, and was present at 11 A. M. to open the Grange, with Worthy Lecturer Ansel Holway, Assistant Steward X. A. Withee, and Secretary S. F. Emerson filling their allotted stations. The office of Overseer was filled by Bro. A. H. Goodwin, Steward, by Bro. Lewis Bess; Chaplain, by Bro. P. S. Fletcher; Gate Keeper, by Bro. A. S. Hoxie; Pomona, by Sister A. C. Goodwin; Flora, by Sister S. F. Emerson; Ceres, by Sister X. A. Withee, and Lady Assistant Steward by Sister Lewis Bess. The committee on candidates, Bro. A. G. Bowman, Bro. and Sister Lewis Beal. The Lecturer's programme was taken up, and "The Care and Feed of Stock," discussed by Bros. J. F. Ellis, O. A. Bowman, C. C. Goodwin, Lewis Beal, L. H. Moulton, Ansel Holway, S. F. Emerson. Bros. S. F. Emerson,

Items of Maine News.

H. F. Burgess has been appointed shipping commissioner at Rockport.

The new pulp mill at Howland is all completed, and the machinery is now being put into position.

A bequest of $100,000 has been made to Bowdoin College by the late Daniel B. Clayewether of New York.

The schooner Trenton, Cotton, from Columbia, Me., went ashore Wednesday, on Great Ledge, off Woods Holl harbor, and is a total wreck.

Seward Inman of Orono, fell dead last week, while walking on the street. He was a respected and prominent citizen, aged 80.

Word was received in Biddeford, Tuesday, of the death at Pasadena, Cal., of the wife of Rev. Thomas N. Lord, a former Biddeford Baptist pastor.

Ernest S. Bartlett of Stoneham, late clerk in the Census Office, has been appointed clerk in the Pension Office, under the civil service rules.

There is some talk of having a shoe factory at Pembroke in the spring. Something over $6,000 has already been subscribed toward the enterprise.

Burglars broke into Ira Shaw's store at Gouldsboro, a few nights ago, and carried off between thirty and forty dollars' worth of goods.

W. L. Guptill of Gouldsboro has contracted to furnish Rhode Island parties with 165,000 feet of spool stock, to be shipped next spring.

At the present term of the Somerset County Probate Court, Judge Buswell presiding absent at the West, Judge Hall of Pagadahoc county, was called to preside.

Labor Commissioner Matthews has been invited to deliver the Memorial Day address in his native town, Hampden, and will accept.

The schooner A. B. Newcomb, Capt. Hughs, of and for Digby from Rockland, went ashore on Round Island, near Mahias, in the gale, Thursday morning, and is a total loss. The crew was saved.

Rev. Samuel Carter Brown died at Warren, R. I., last week. He was born in Westbrook, Me., July 12, 1818, and was educated at the Thatcher Grammar school and the Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

A foolish and most stupid run was made on Friday, on the People's Savings Bank at Lewiston. The hands from the mills besieged the banking rooms, but they were all paid promptly, and finally the run subsided.

Ex-Governor Perham and family have arrived in Washington for the winter. Governor Perham will soon go South as one of the members of a commission appointed by the President to select the site for a dry dock and naval station.

Our New Harbor correspondent writes: Dry wood is scarce and high here at present, the cause being that there was no snow last winter to haul it out of the woods; good, hard wood is selling at six dollars per cord here at present, delivered.

Herring has become scarce in Eastport and vicinity, and it looks now as if there would not be much more work in the factories this season. Perhaps it is well that it would be such. The pack has been large, prices have fallen, and there is no demand at any price.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Northern Maine Railroad was held last week, in Portland, and the following directors were elected: Geo. P. Wescott, Geo. H. Freeman, J. W. Holton, Llewellyn Powers, H. C. Sharp, J. H. Manley, A. F. Crockett.

Patrick Monaghan, a man 65 years old, who lives alone in a house in Ellsworth, had not been seen for several days, and Thursday afternoon neighbors entered the house and found him lying in front of the stove entirely naked and dead. Probably he perished from cold.

Rev. Charles F. Thwing, L. L. D., the newly elected President of Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio, has been in Farmington a few days, at his old home. He left Thursday afternoon, with his family for Cleveland and will at once assume his duties there.

There was a narrow escape from a big fire in Brunswick, Monday noon, when Mr. Collin, janitor of Brunswick's $50,000 town building, found several barrels of paper stored away in the basement blazing away merrily. It took twenty minutes' work with the hose to put the fire out.

Two suits were brought Thursday, against the city of Biddeford, one by Mrs. Margaret J. Gilpatrick for trespass and the other by Charles G. Gove, for city's failure to complete a sewer according to an agreement made several years ago. One suit is for $2000 and the other for $3000. Both will be tried at the January term of court.

The following officers have been appointed by Collector Curran, in the custom house at Eastport; F. E. Nutt, Special Deputy Collector; J. D. Anderson, Deputy Collector and Inspector; B. F. Kilby, Henry Haines, Guilford Sears, Inspectors; Caleb Gilman of Meddybemps, Inspector, and assigned to duty as customs officer on the St. John steamers.

A post office has been established at Granite, Hancock county, to be supplied by special service from South Bluehill, and Giles I. Webber has been appointed post master. Charles Thurston has been appointed postmaster at Danville Junction, vice C. A. Leonard. A. L. Turner has been appointed postmaster at South Robbinston, vice Miss M. S. Gates.

Business is excellent at the woolen mills in Bridgton. At the Pondicherry mills all the machinery is in operation, the help is working on full time, besides which, extra work is done three days of the week in the carding and spinning departments. The products are cheviots and carriage cloths. A new cloth washer has been put in and a new 6-4 double-cylinder Gessner gig has been ordered.

As Aaron Drew of Jerusalem plantation was returning one night last week from Kingfield to his home, he heard a loud scrambling a little way before him. When nearly to the noise he perceived five large deer coming towards him, which seemed to be running from some noise. As he came near they separated, two going one side and three the other. Having no gun with him, he did not secure any of the game.

The electric light plant at the new mill at Redington, Franklin county lumber regions, was started Friday; there are now running 18 are lights which illumine the wilderness with a brilliancy rivaling daylight. The dynamo will carry a dozen more lamps, if needed. James Quill and Thomas Ferris of the Kendall & Slade Electric Co., of Boston, did the work. Mr. Quill will remain in charge till he has taught a young man the business.

The Hatch Brothers, at the Head of the Tide, Belfast, have started a new industry, the manufacture of pork barrels, and at present are unable to keep up with their orders. The staves are made of white ash from Michigan, and the headings and hoops from Waldo county woods. They have made 500 this season. They are shipped to a local trade also, and now have an order for fifty from Mr. E. R Conner, the local packer.

The Crocker slate quarry at Brownville is running full blast and is fast assuming an extremely business like appearance. The old quarry dwelling houses are all repaired and painted up, with families living in nearly all of them. From twenty-five to fifty men will be employed there during the winter. The slate that is now being used is taken from a large amount that caved in not long ago, but it is, of course, as good as any, and the workmen are actively engaged upon it.

The other night there occurred at the house of Mrs. William Condon in Bath, a drunken spree, which resulted in the horrible death by burning of an old Indian woman named Pollis. It seems they had all been drinking to excess and this old woman laid upon a lounge and lit her pipe, and in some way her clothing caught fire. Before any of the other occupants of the room came to a realizing sense of the danger she was in, the poor woman was literally burned to death.

Mr. George J. L. Colby, a well-known newspaper man in Newburyport, Mass., and a former student of Kent's Hill Seminary, died last week, aged 71 years. While at Readfield he took such a pronounced stand against slavery as to call forth a reprimand from the President. In 1840, he began his newspaper career in Lowell, Mass. He was a favorite public speaker and also preached, having been licensed by the Methodist denomination. He had held several offices under the United States government.

The schooner Louisa Hastings, Kent, master, Bangor for New York, arrived at Boothbay Harbor, Friday, with the loss of her center board and other damage. She reports that she picked up that morning, J. J. Cass, mate, Wellington McKerson, the cook, and three sailors of the British schooner Gondola, light, Boston for Two Rivers, N. S., which ran on the rocks inside Seguin, at four o'clock in the morning. Capt. P. Martin, when last seen was standing on the vessel's bottom. He refused to leave her when the other five men took to the boat. When the vessel rolled over, the others were unable to get him. Capt. Martin was a resident of East Boston, where he leaves a wife and three children. The vessel and cargo were a total loss.

The bark Kestral of Windsor, N. S., Captain Norton, has arrived in Bath from Tropani, Italy, with 600 tons of salt for Houghton Bros. The passage was 66 days, and the crew report a hard time. They say the vessel did not have a proper outfit of provisions, and all they had to eat was hash and herring. The 19th of November that gave out, and the steward boarded the new ship Birmingham bound for New York, and obtained a barrel of pork and a quantity of tin stuff. When on board the ship he found that the captain had been murdered by the cook when they were three days out. The cook was in irons. He said the captain had called him aft and commenced to pound him, when he drew a knife and stabbed the captain, killing him instantly. The captain was buried at sea.

Items of General News.

Ten to 12 inches of snow fell throughout the Adirondack mountains, Wednesday.

James Russell Lowell of Boston is seriously ill and unable to bear a heavy strain of work.

The big strike among the Danbury, Ct., hat manufacturers and their employés has been settled by mutual concessions.

Monday, near Monroe, Walton county, Ga., several houses were blown down by a cyclone and four persons killed.

Capt. Andrew J. Baugh, an ex-Confederate officer, has been lynched on the Rio Grande frontier, for horse and cattle stealing.

Albert H. Smith of the banking firm of Mills, Robeson & Smith, New York, has been sentenced to 17 years in State prison for forgery in the first degree.

Dr. J. M. Baxter, surgeon-general of the United States Army, who was stricken with paralysis a day or two ago, died Thursday morning.

Wm. Miller, a noted horse thief, has been arrested in Dalium county, Tex., where he established himself as a preacher of the Gospel.

Landlord L. H. Humphreys of the Narragansett Hotel, Providence, R. I., has sued the *Providence Telegram* for $10,000 damages, because the *Telegram*, in an article published recently, referred to the hotel elevator as being dangerous.

A great political sensation has been created by the action of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Dominion Secretary of State, in abandoning his protectionist views, declaring for unrestricted reciprocity with the United States.

Hon. Isaac N. Jordan, a prominent lawyer of Cincinnati, Ohio, and an ex-member of Congress, was instantly killed Wednesday morning, by falling through an elevator shaft at Lincoln's Inn Court, which had been carelessly left open.

Henry Johnson, a negro who was riddled with bullets for assaulting a white woman at Central, S. C., Tuesday night of last week, and who was found to be still alive Wednesday morning, was placed by a mob on a big pile of brush and slowly burned until life was extinct.

On Thursday, Joseph B. Abbott, confidential man of the largest lumber firm in Albany, not satisfied with salary and commissions of $10,000 to $15,000 a year, embezzled $80,000, was detected, and the day before the officers were to arrest him, he committed suicide by taking laudanum.

Venires to draw 93 jurors for the Sawtell murder trial were sent out from Dover, N. H., Tuesday morning, Rochester excluded. Chief Justice Doe and Judge Bingham will try the case. That ought to be a sufficient number from which to secure a jury.

The Irish forces are divided on the question of retaining Parnell's leadership. *United Ireland*, a leading Irish paper, says that he must retire. The opposition to him is determined and active, but Parnell is fighting with dogged persistency to retain his place.

Rev. Aurelius S. Swift, who died at West Randolph, Mass., Friday, aged about 83, was a native of Fairfax, Vt., a graduate of the Bangor Theological Seminary, class of 1837, and had been a pastor in numerous towns of Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Mrs. Leona de Frieze and her five-year-old daughter, missing since Saturday night, were found in Forsdike woods near Elizabeth, N. J., Monday. The child was frozen still, but the mother is still alive though badly frozen. It is supposed they lost their way in returning to Rahway, Saturday night.

The furnace in the Illinois Iron and Steel Company's works in Joliet, Ill., in which relining and repairs were made necessary by the recent fatal explosion, fell Saturday without warning, while 11 workmen were at work inside at the bottom and about six on top. Five were killed and three fatally injured.

Louis B. Sanborn, a member of the Methodist church at Saginaw, Mich., and considered a most exemplary young man in the city Saturday night, having realized on forged paper during the past ninety days to the extent of over $30,000. His liabilities are estimated at over $100,000, of which $31,000 was forged by raising his own endorsed notes.

At the municipal election in Worcester, Mass., Tuesday, the republicans achieved a victory, electing Francis A. Harrington, Mayor, and all their candidates for aldermen. The democrats elected their candidates for council and school committee in three wards and the republicans won the remaining five. The city voted for license, reversing the result of last year.

Failures of large concerns are multiplying. Whitten, Burden & Young, wholesale clothing merchants, Boston, assigned Tuesday. It is thought the liabilities will be over a million. G. W. Ingalls & Co., shoe dealers, with some twenty stores in Boston, New England and New York, assigned Tuesday. The liabilities are said to be $200,000; assets unknown. The American National Bank of Arkansas city, Kansas, has closed its doors. The bank claims it will pay all its liabilities.

The New Hampshire House on Thursday afternoon voted it inexpedient to enter upon political legislation at the extra session, thirty-nine republicans voting with the democrats in the affirmative. The republican clerk elected on Wednesday to make up the roll of the new House. But he will have to make it up in accordance with the existing law, and the Supreme Court of the State can be appealed to for a decision as to what that law is. The extra session has adjourned.

Friday morning, at Pittsburg, Pa., fire broke out in Magiun's cracker factory, about 1 o'clock, and raged furiously for several hours, not being put out until four hours and a half had been levelled to the ground. It was one of the worst fires the department has ever had to contend with. The buildings destroyed were situated immediately opposite the Seventh Avenue Hotel. The guests had nearly all retired, and when the fire broke out there was a panic among them, but no one was injured. Loss, $210,000.

Nathan Matthews, Jr., the regular democratic candidate for Mayor of Boston, was elected, Tuesday. The total vote was about 2500 less than last year, when Hart, republican and citizens, was elected by 3400 plurality. Complete returns from the city give:

Matthews, (dem.)	32,307
Merrill, (rep.)	19,988
Shapleigh, (prohib.)	1,997

In the board of aldermen, the latest figures give the republicans four to the democrats eight. One republican and one democrat are on both tickets.

The tight money market is causing many money failures in New York city. Robert H. Silverman and Philip Hautwein, composing the firm of H. H. Silverman & Co., dealers in hats, caps and furs, 12 East 13th street assigned Monday. Liabilities $126,000. Roberts, Cushman & Co., importers and dealers in hatters' materials at 178 Greene street assigned. Loss $500,000. The large hat manufacturing firm, Price, Sherman & Co., of 711 Snyder avenue, Monday, made an assignment. Their liabilities are estimated at $200,000 or over. Frederick Sherman, hatter at 1017 Chestnut street, made an assignment at the same time.

A recent terrible storm raged along the Newfoundland shores, which caused great destruction to shipping and other property. At Toad's Cove a coasting schooner was dashed to pieces and a number of small boats wrecked. The settlement of Cape Broile was almost totally destroyed, and the whole place is under water. The beach was carried away, houses blown down and stages swept into the harbor. Schooner Ave Maria, with fish, was driven ashore and became a total wreck. At Placentia, schooner Grace Carter is ashore in a dangerous position. The Delight and Souris are ashore in Harbor's cove. The wreck and ruin at Conception bay is tremendous and unprecedented. At Heart's Content the schooner Prince is a total wreck, and the streets are strewn with debris from the scattered property. At Carbonear two schooners were stranded, or more or less damaged. Damage at Harbor Grace incalculable.

A special from Rapid City, S. D., says a band of Indians from Little Wounds camp is cramped about ten miles east of Cheyenne River, between the mouths of French and Battle creeks. They have been raiding deserted ranches, killing and running off the stock, burning hay and grain and stealing household goods. Monday, twenty armed men, well mounted, left Rapid City for the Indian camp. They will be joined by a number of ranchmen and if they are not intercepted by troops, will attack the Indians. A special from Custerpass says that during the storm Baldie Gap, T. M. Warren, ranchman, with four of his men, attacked a party of Indians and killed four. This story is not verified. A special from Pine Ridge says when the hostile Chiefs returned from the council held Sunday, they immediately proceeded to move to a camp several miles deeper into the Bad Lands, instead of moving therefrom as advised by Gen. Brooke.

Berlin is filling up with physicians, anxious to learn Dr. Koch's secret. A New Haven, Conn., Dr. Foster has three patients under treatment with the lymph. He found them all doing nicely, especially the first one, who was inoculated Wednesday afternoon, and received the second inoculation Thursday. "In this case," said the doctor, "the lymph has done all that has been claimed for it and the condition of the patient is satisfactory." Sir Joseph Lister, in a speech at King's College, London, the other night, on his return from Berlin, said that within a month the world would be startled by two new discoveries. He said that Dr. Koch's consumption cure hinted at and involved the cure and prevention of two of the most terrible contagious diseases known. Dr. Koch had practically concluded this work of discovery, but desired to make further tests. The new remedy, he said, is a simple chemical substance which any one would be able to prepare.

THAT TERRIBLE WEAKNESS.

Why So Many Women Are Faint, Weak, Tired, Nervous and Exhausted.

Women are great sufferers from *nervousness, weakness, nervous prostration* and *debility*. Thousands of girls droop and languish in the close, confined atmosphere of shops, factories or offices, and hundreds of thousands wear out their nerve force and power in household cares, family bereavements and responsibilities, and work which never ends.

Here lies the great strain upon the nervous system of women. Here is the cause why so many women complain of being weak, nervous, tired and exhausted.

They have little or no rest; their life is one continual round of work. What wonder that such women go to bed at night fatigued, and wake tired and unrefreshed in the morning! What wonder that they become worn out, so to speak, in nerve and vital power! What wonder that they have great weakness, exhaustion, pain in back and limbs, together with the distressing female complaints which are always caused by loss of vital strength and vigor! Of how many thousands of women is the above a true and exact transcript of daily life? They have *worn out and exhausted their nerve force and physical power*. They must work, but it follows as surely as the day follows the night that they must receive from some source a renewal of nerve force and physical energies, *or the human machine will soon cease to run at all.*

The great nerve invigorant and female restorative is Dr. Greene's Nervura. No remedy in the world is so sure to bring back the bloom and color to the wan and faded cheeks, the brilliancy to the hollow and haggard eyes, the lightness and elasticity to the weak and weary step, the strength and vitality to the unstrung, shattered and worn out nerves. It is the greatest of all uterine tonics and regulators, and cures all female weakness and disease. It is purely vegetable and harmless and can be procured at any druggist's for $1 per bottle.

GLAD TIDINGS OF HEALTH.

I wish to say, for the benefit of others, that I was taken sick with Heart Disease. I had two scientific physicians, and was under their care seven or eight months, but constantly grew worse, lost 75 pounds of flesh, and was so weak I could not dress myself in bed, and the doctors said I could be no better. But hearing of Dr. Greene's Nervura, I commenced taking it, and in a week I began to feel better. At present, after using it a few months, I am able to walk and ride out, have gained 40 pounds in weight, so that I consider that Dr. Greene's Nervura saved my life, for which I feel very grateful.

Mrs. E. M. Bass,
Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., its discoverer, is the famous specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted special attention to the treatment of all forms of nervous complaints, and gives advice free of charge. The perfection of this system renders a complete cure almost assured, as his success in treatment by correspondence is wonderful and unequalled. Send for symptom blank to fill out, or write him about your case.

SUPERIOR COURT. In the court, in this city, case of Sarah Gilley vs. George E. Hewins. Action of trover to recover for certain farm carts and running gear of the alleged value of $57. The parties reside at North Augusta. Verdict for the plaintiff for $27.56. Othello L. Stevens vs. Gideon Hallowell to recover $9.50 for services on the farm. Verdict for the plff. for $4.84. Eugene Weeks vs. A. B. Sibley. To recover $10 rent for house on Court street, Augusta. Verdict for deft. Susan A. Carter vs. city of Augusta, to recover the amount of $160, for pauper supplies furnished Michel Le Blanc, a minor. Verdict for plff. for $175.52.

The grand jury rose Saturday afternoon, reporting 57 indictments, the most of them against rumsellers. There was a lively time at the Treasurer's office, Monday, when the victims appeared to pay their fines.

The criminal docket was taken up Monday, and demurrers were filed in the liquor cases against the following parties: Frank Peterson and John McCarty, Gardiner, Charles Cabana, Waterville, Thomas O'Brien, Augusta, Charles Ward and Geo. A. McNamara, Gardiner, Thos. McLaughlin, Gardiner.

George Emery, Hallowell, pleaded nolo contendere to an indictment of keeping a liquor nuisance, and paid a fine and cost amounting to $107.75.

Girard Crummett, Gardiner, pleaded guilty to a similar offence and paid fine and costs amounting to $108.46.

G. H. Danforth and C. H. Guppy each pleaded nolo contendre to two liquor indictments and each paid $200 and costs.

The following parties were arraigned and pleaded not guilty: C. B. Johnson, Augusta, assault and battery on Betsey York; W. O. Estes, Clinton, embezzlement; Wm. B. Meader, Vienna, common seller; John Hanley, Gardiner, larceny of a watch; John Wells, alias Woodbury Day, Augusta, assault with a knife upon Wm. W. Shaw, with intent to kill; Michael Mahoney, Waterville, liquor nuisance; John Dunphy and R. J. Kennistou, Gardiner, violation of the liquor law; John Libby, Clinton, and Joseph Jones, Chelsea, violation of liquor law; Hannah L. Aldrich, Chelsea, liquor nuisance and common seller.

State vs. R. J. Kennistou, Gardiner. For search and seizure of intoxicating liquor. Verdict guilty. State vs. C. H. Johnson, for assault and battery on Betsey York, in October last. Verdict not guilty.

Caleb Frank of Oakland, was arraigned and plead guilty to being a common seller of intoxicating liquor. Sentenced to a fine of $100 and cost, and to be committed until paid. The respondent was committed.

Chas. Brown was arraigned upon an indictment found at the septeuber term, charging him with the forgery of an order to obtain certain clothing and pleaded not guilty.

Thilena Alexander was arraigned and pleaded not guilty to being a common seller of intoxicating liquors in Vienna.

John Dunphy within his plea of not guilty to indictments for violation of the liquor law and field demurrers.

A nol pros was entered in the case of Rainey Cabana for a feloneous assault, upon the payment of costs.

Items and Incidents.

A marine curiosity is on exhibition at Astoria, Ore. It consists of an ordinary seaweed some 20 feet in length, and at the lower end the cluster of roots have a firm hold of an aggregation of marine shells several pounds in weight. These shells are occupied by a curious inhabitant that has a beak that resembles a chicken's, only it is divided perpendicularly instead of horizontally.

If Your House is on Fire

You put water on the burning timbers, not on the smoke. And if you have catarrh you should attack the disease in the blood, not in your nose. Remove the impure cause, and the local effect subsides. To do this, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, which radically and permanently cures catarrh. It also strengthens the nerves. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It takes 22,000 bonnets a year to cover the heads of the female soldiers in the Salvation Army. The army has property amounting to more than $3,000,000 in the various countries where it is established.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

The roller skating craze in Boston has started again. We don't believe many Maine men will be tempted again into the building by links.

Well, Sarah, what have you been doing to make you look so young? Oh, nothing much, only been using Hall's Hair Renewer to restore the color of my hair.

"Mr. Smith" lives in Biddeford and Saco to the extent of one hundred and eleven times.

The harsh, drastic purgatives, once deemed so indispensable, have given place to milder and more skilfully prepared laxatives; hence the great and growing demand for Ayer's Pills. Physicians everywhere recommend them for cositiveness, indigestion, and liver complaints.

It is expected that Queen Victoria will make another visit to Florence in the spring. She was much charmed by her stay there last year.

A Cure Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Mr. Gladstone has not relinquished his pastime of felling trees. He recently felled a fine walnut tree in his park.

It is said that Minister Reid expends $27,000 per annum for the rent of his house in Paris, which is $10,000 more than his total salary.

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick.
Her bowels were bloated as hard as a brick,
We feared she would die
Till we happened to try
Pierce's Pellets—they cured her, remarkably quick.

Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Best Liver Pill made.

CARL LUMHOLTZ

the Celebrated Explorer, tells of his Extraordinary Adventures in the wilds of Australia in several articles which he has written for *The Youth's Companion*.

CONGRESS. The Senate, on Wednesday, received a bill to reduce letter postage to one cent. An amendment to the Tariff bill was offered, making a rebate on manufactured tobacco. The Election bill was discussed.

In House, Wednesday, the Copyright bill was passed, a measure which has been before Congress for a long time. It is really a law for the protection of printers in their rights of property which they produce.

In Senate, Thursday and Friday, the time was fully taken up with a discussion of the Election bill.

The House, Friday, authorized the Secretary of War to issue 1000 stands of arms to each of the States of North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska and Montana. The Pension Appropriation bill was considered. On motion of Mr. Dockery of Missouri, an amendment was adopted providing that no agent or attorney shall demand, receive, or be allowed any compensation in any claim for increase of pension on account of increased disability. It was estimated by Mr. Dockery and Chairman Morrill, of the Invalid Pensions Committee, that this will save five millions to pensions in the next three years. Mr. Springer of Illinois, offered an amendment increasing to $150,000,000 the appropriation for the payment of pensions. The amendment was lost and the bill passed.

In the Senate, Saturday, Mr. Sherman introduced three bills and one amendment to a bill, all of which were referred to the Finance Committee.

The new bills are as follows: To amend the law relating to the refining and parting of bullion; to amend the act authorizing the receipt of gold coin in exchange for gold bars, and a bill authorizing the exchange of subsidiary coins of the United States.

The amendment is one to the Senate bill to reduce the amount of the United States bonds to be required of national banks. The provisions of the amendment are as follows:

Section 1 limits the compulsory requirements of United States bonds with the Treasurer of the United States by national banks, to the amount of $5000 of bonds of each and every national bank, provided that the voluntary withdrawal of bonds for the retirement of national bank notes shall not exceed $3,000,000 in any month. It further provides that the act shall not apply to the deposits of bonds which may be required by the Secretary of the Treasury to secure deposits of public moneys in the national banks.

Sec. 2 provides that upon United States bonds deposited, or may be deposited, bearing interest, any national banking association making the deposit, shall be entitled to receive from the comptroller of the currency circulating notes of different denominations, not exceeding in the whole amount the par value of the bonds deposited. It also provides that at no time shall the total amount of such notes issued to any association exceed the amount at such time actually paid in on its capital stock.

Sec. 3 authorizes the Secretary to issue United States notes, equal to the retirement of national bank notes, below a circulation of $180,000,000.

Sec. 4 authorizes the issue of United States bonds to the amount not to exceed $100,000,000, to be redeemed at the pleasure of the government, and to bear 2 per cent. interest. They are to be sold for lawful money or coin certificates, and the proceeds are to be applied to the redemption or purchase of United States bonds.

House bill to issue areas to people of States threatened by Indians, was concurred in.

In House, Saturday, the Senate bill for the retirement of Gen. George Stoneham with rank of Colonel, was passed.

The time of the Senate on Monday and Tuesday, was taken up in a hot discussion of the Election bill.

In House, Tuesday, the resolution was defeated, directing the President to request Mrs. U. S. Grant to allow the removal of the remains of her illustrious husband to Arlington.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Friday evening the Unitarians of Bangor gave a farewell reception to Rev. and Mrs. George Croswell Cressey, upon the occasion of their near departure for Salem, Mass., where Rev. Mr. Cressey has accepted a call.——A beautiful bronze chandelier of 300 candle power has just been placed in the new church at West's Mills. It was purchased by the Ladies' Circle.——Elder S. L. Peonell of Palmyra will hold a meeting at the new meeting house on Asbury's corner, Clinton, commencing on Friday evening, Dec. 12th, and holding over the Sabbath.——The revival meetings at the church at Rosorville, held by Rev. F. Cooper of Windsor, are well attended and there seems to be a deep religious interest manifested.——Rev. T. C. Bradeen of Concord, N. H., has accepted the call of the Free Baptist church in Biddeford. He will begin his labors there next Sunday.——Rev. J. G. Whittier closed his labors at the Columbia street church, in Bangor, last week, after a very successful series of meetings, in which many have been led to seek the Savior. An interest has been created that will not die out with the departure of the evangelist, but meetings will be held throughout the winter, and the work continued.——Rev. C. M. Ferry, pastor of the Second Congregational church at South Brewer, has received a call to the Union church at Vinalhaven.——Rev. George W. Davis has resigned the pastorate of the Central Baptist church, Chicopee, Mass., and accepted a call to Biddeford.——Evangelist, E. A. Whittier of Massachusetts, has commenced a series of meetings at Caribou.——Rev. Dr. G. D. B. Pepper has accepted a temporary pastorate in one of the Biddeford churches——The new converts are reported in connection with revival meetings at the Congregational church, Saco, last week.——Rev. Nelson S. Burbank of Bowdoinham has declined a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Revere, Mass.——The coming celebration in the city of Portland, of the tenth anniversary of the formation of the first Society of Christian Endeavor is an event of no small interest to the world at large. The celebration will take the form of a "decennial convention" to be held February 2d, 3d and 4th, 1891, in Portland. Prominent speakers and workers from all parts of the country will be present. Reduced rates will be granted on all the railroads, and Portland will be filled with the largest crowd of earnest young Christians that have gathered in the old Pine Tree State. The object of the society is "to promote an earnest Christian life among the members, to increase their mutual acquaintance and to make them more useful in the service of God." Every active member pledges himself to definite personal service for Christ.——Five men were baptized at Brunswick, recently, and joined the Free Baptist church, making twenty-four that have joined since July last.——At a meeting of the First Free Baptist Church Society of Boston, Friday night, it was decided to extend a call to Rev. John M. Lowden, now pastor of the Plymouth Free Baptist church, Portland. The call was unanimous. Rev. Mr. Lowden, now pastor of the Plymouth Free Baptist church, Portland. The Subcranial Evangelist, Rev. A. B. Earle, D. D., is now conducting meetings with the Free church on Western Avenue, Deering. With perhaps the exception of Mr. Moody, there is no living man who has been more successful than Dr. Earle in this line of Christian work.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Imparts Renewed Strength
and vigor where there has been exhaustion.

ACCIDENTS. H. Ross Seavey, son of E. W. Seavey of North Searsport, who has a situation in Hudson, Mass., fell from a staging with a wheel-barrow load of sand a distance of twenty feet and received a severe shaking up, but fortunately escaped very serious injuries.——Mr. John Bradford of Brewer met with an unpleasant accident while unloading the timber for the new vessel from the cars at Penobscot Junction. A heavy stick, falling, caught one of his feet and jammed it severely so that, although he can step on it, still he will be unable to get around much and attend to business for a few days.——J. B. Harris of Caribou, visited his farm, on the Washburn road, Saturday, to look after his potatoes, and in going down cellar caught his foot in such a manner as to dislocate his right ankle. The accident to John Marsh, a carpenter employed by James E. Haley in Bath, Wednesday, occurred on the scaffolding of the Bath physicians several hours. He slipped and fell, striking on his left elbow, causing a fracture and dislocation; both bones in the forearm were out of place.——While Jacob Merrifield of Hennaark, was driving in Sebago, his colt stepped into a hole, the result of which was Mr. Merrifield was thrown out of the carriage and dragged some distance, causing internal injuries.——A. D. Rust of Burton met with quite a serious accident last week. As he was about to drive out of his yard his horses began to run, and before he could get the reins they ran to the side of the road, striking a telephone post, throwing Mr. Rust out on the frozen ground, and doing considerable drmage to his wagon. He is now improving slowly.——George Wing, a boy about 12 years of age, employed by the Robinson Manufacturing Co. at Oxford, while hauling logs up in the elevator shaft, lost his balance at the top and fell, bag and all, the distance of forty feet, and landed safely without a scratch.——George Cameron, a rigger, about 45 years of age, was killed in Searsmont, Monday, by his falling from the topmast yard to the deck on the bark J. H. Bowers, where he was at work putting on new rigging. The fall broke his neck, arm and leg.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN YARDS, Dec. 9, 1890.

Names of Drovers.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
Perkins & Jones,	12		
Libby & Coffin,	14		
L. E. Brown,	9	230	11
Trafton & Phillbrook,	18		12
S. H. Wardwell,	56		4
I. C. Libby & Son,	93		6
C. W. Winship,	23		
C. E. Hanson,	23		18

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK AT WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON YARDS.

Cattle, 4029; sheep, 12,436; hogs, 26,063; veals, 314; horses, 578.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 251; sheep, 230; hogs, 0; veals, 51; horses, 78.

CATTLE FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Shipments of cattle for the past week were 1986 head, mostly Western, a few from Maine and New York. Market at Liverpool has improved ½c lb., with quotations at 11½c., dressed weight.

THE POSITION OF THE TRADE.

Dealers from Maine seemed to have an inkling of the state of the market for cattle, and increased their supply of such as were intended for beef; lots of oxen were offered and dealers found an acceptable number of butchers ready to become owners, and they had to pay an advance of ¼@¾c., dressed weight. The stock changed hands with considerable promptness.

Sheep and Lambs—Better than 1000 head came in on the Eastern stock train. The animals from the various sections made up a good supply, but for all that butchers were in earnest after them and paid ½c better rates. If dealers in cattle and sheep would use a little discretion, and not overload the market next week, they could sell at firmer prices, instead of a decline.

Fat Hogs—26,000 head was required to go the rounds this week, and prices rule steady at 4½@4¾c., live weight on Western, and 5c., dressed weight, on up road lots; one two-year-old pig was at market, this week, weighing 1100 lbs., raised by Daniel Downes of Potterplace, N. H.

Veal calves have finally dwindled down in supply to between 300 and 400 head. Well, more could have been disposed of than offered; 6 cents was obtained for best lots.

Milch Cows, and Cows forwarded with Calf—A fair trade, but, like other kind of stock, prices have not improved. A light demand noticed, and the bulk of sales at $25@$45 per head. A few fancy at higher range.

Working Oxen—A few pairs only required, but speculators could not touch them, and sell at a profitable figure.

Live Poultry—Dull at 8@9 cents. Supply, 1¼ tons.

MAINE SALES.

Coffin & Libby had the rich cream this week, in the style of a pair of white faces, weighing 3730 lbs. on the scales here. They made the owners feel proud to sell them, and S. F. Woodbridge, the buyer, was not ashamed to have them spoken of. Raised by Ridley Brothers of Shapleigh; have been fed three square meals of meal per day, say the owners. They brought top prices. We will say that Ridley Kimball offered 5¾ cents live weight for them, and was refused. S. H. Wardwell sold 2 cattle, of 3200 lbs., at 2½ cents live weight; 2 do., of 3500 lbs., at 3¼ cents; 1 big 1500 lb. bull at 3½ cents. M. McDonald sold 420 sheep and lambs at 5½ cents live weight, and J. Kane a similar lot of 403 at 5¾ cents. C. E. Hanson sold 18 veal calves, live weight 2080 lbs., at 6 cents; 3 springers at $45 per head. Perkins & Jones sold 2 oxen, of 3300 lbs., at 3¾ cents; 4 steers, coming three years old, average 950 lbs., at $110 the lot; 4 oxen, average per pair 3300 lbs., at 3¾ cents live weight. Chas. Philbrick sold 11 cattle, to dress from 700 to 1000 lbs., at 5¼ cents dressed weight.

Next week is a good time to market Christmas cattle. Telegraph or write to some of the leading butchers in Boston, giving a description of your cattle; don't expect over Fancy prices unless the cattle are in excellent condition for beef. No doubt H. C. Burleigh or Gideon Wells, and other Maine cattle raisers, know about what kind of cattle, choice cattle are supposed to be. We will defy any Maine farmer to pull the wool over Boston butchers' eyes. They know good beeves as soon as they set their eyes upon them, and know their value. It would have done Maine farmers good to have seen the lot of 41 Southdown sheep that arrived here last week, that the New England Dressed Meat and Wool Co. had from the West. They were premium stock at the principal cattle shows of the West, and headed the lists at the Christmas trade, weighing better than 200 lbs. apiece. A considerable amount of good beef and mutton will be required to go the rounds, giving all the butchers a pass, but the great go-off will be in dressed poultry, more probably will be used for Christmas than at Thanksgiving. Geese go to make up a fashionable dish with the Catholic population, and of course, they must be supplied with the same. We are in hopes the live stock trade will pick up this winter, that what little up-road stock is marketed may bring a good price.

AT BRIGHTON CATTLE YARDS.

The offerings in the shape of cattle were a mixture of good and indifferent grades, desirable for store to feed, and a line of Milch cows from Maine and the North-West learned of soon being sold at over $55 per head, and $25 the lowest. The trade was pronounced just fair. J. Melloy sold 2 cows at $45 each; others from $30 to $40 each. I. C. Libby & Son sold 2 milkers at $38 each; 2 at $40 each; 3 at $45 each; 1 at $46.50, and 2 milkers at $33 each. W. Heffran sold a lot of 4 new milch cows at $42 50 per

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

To a Friend.

BY J. A. L.

The busy, fleeting years
Go swiftly by,
Many cares bringing
To you and I.
Let us calmly lean
On Jesus' breast,
Knowing that midst toil
He giveth rest.

The busy, fleeting years
Deep sorrows bring,
Oft instead of song
A dirge we sing.
Oh, let us calmly trust
His changeless word,
Knowing that each pain
His heart hath stirred.

With the fleeting years
Disappointments come,
Oft we sadly long
For our bright home.
Oh, let us calmly wait,
For the dear hand
That now leads us forth,
Guides to that land.

With the swift fleeting years
Dear friends have gone,
And we desolate
Have sat alone;
And yet not all alone,
He's with us still,
And we meekly bow
To His dear will.

The fleeting years have brought
Many a thorn;
We have oft thought life
Of all joy shorn;
But the One who knows
The human heart
Doth His wondrous grace
To us impart.

And the swift fleeting years
Have brought us joy
Which the dross of earth
Can not alloy;
Oh, let us faithful be
Unto the end,
In all life's conflicts
He will defend.

Bridgetown, N. S.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

JIM.

BY CORA BUZZELL MILLAY.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

CHAPTER VIII.

CALLERS.

The days dragged very slowly to Jim, who had a great load on her mind. She was not sure that she was doing right in not telling Dick, and after his threatening words to the poor man she was befriending, she dared not tell him. Her house-cleaning was all finished with the exception of "Tom's room." She had not touched that yet and did not intend to until she felt more rested. She carried his meals to her captive, trembling lest Dick or Fred might come in and follow her; and every evening, when Dick was doing his last chores at the barn, she opened the front door and let the poor prisoner out for a breath of air, while she stood in the doorway, watching for Dick to come.

To-day she is unusually tired, and just as she is setting the table for dinner, her heart's throbbing almost chokes her as she sees the man who had been in pursuit of her soldier, at the door coming in with Dick.

"Good morning!" said he cheerfully.

"Good morning," answered Jim, turning a little pale.

"I thought I'd call on my way home, and tell you my errand was fruitless."

"You did not find him!" gasped Jim, turning paler.

"No, said he;" and, mistaking her emotion for fear, added: "but you needn't be afraid. He's nowhere. She reached the first stair and had come one looking ever since that day and he can't be found. I must have missed him somewhere, and he has escaped; but I don't see how I passed him."

"He won't come near here, you needn't feel nervous," said Dick soothingly. "It wouldn't be wholesome for him to show himself to me."

"I'm not afraid," said Jim.

"I'd like to put my horse in and rest him, for he is tired, and if I could get a little dinner—"

"Certainly!" exclaimed Dick. "I'll see to your horse, he does look tired."

Never before in her life was generous life had Jim begrudged anyone a meal; but that day she did, and thought the dinner would never be eaten. After it was over, he seemed in no haste to go and said his horse was not rested. All sorts of ideas and fears chased each other through her brain: "What if he suspected her and was spying? What if he should find *him* and arrest *her*?" She had not a minute's peace all the time he was there, and to add to her discomfiture, Mrs. Marsh, who had seen a team in the door-yard, had come over with a friendly interest, to find out who was there. Jim introduced them, and nothing loth, he told her his business.

"Dew tell! My land! Was that him I wonder, the one that went a limpin' by here last Sat'day?"

"The same one."

"I wasn't no. Goodness me! A body isn't safe anywhere in these days. It didn't uster be so when I was a gal."

"No, I suppose not."

"No, everybody use as honest as the days was long, an' I didn't know no more about crime an' sich, than a white-pine dog with a popple tail."

"Things have changed since then."

"I tell you they have! I didn't do act just awful these times! Why only the other day I was readin' a paper about the leetle village I come from, an' they had jest arrested a young feller, an' marched him off to the jail for sellin' them pizen likers."

"Did he kill any one?"

"Kill any one! No! I said he was 'rested for sellin' rum."

"I thought you said he had poisoned the liquor."

"No, no! It wasn't pizen no mor'n it is all pizen stuff, an' it' is a pity it wouldn't pizen every livin' critter that drinks it."

"What a graveyard the world would be! Do they sell liquor here?"

"No, of course not! We wouldn't stan' any sich actions in this place. We women would rise and put it down."

"The men are putting it down now."

"Yes, I shall be in; but don't wait for me, come in any time."

"Oh, yes, I shall be in, I never wait for nobody, I always go just the same; but you come over."

"Yes, good-bye."

"Good-bye, there's some one coming, come over won't ye?"

"Who is it?"

"I dunno, comin' here, I guess, good-bye; don't forgit ter come over."

"Who is coming?" asked Dick, coming to the door; "why it's Clement, and a woman! it must be his sister, 'Jack!'"

"And her baby!" gasped Jim.

"Yes, well I'm glad he didn't go without coming up."

Jim had vanished. She had just finished her dishes, having been delayed by her company, and her face was like a rose as she went to the door, scorning to change her dress after they were there.

"I think I'll take a little stroll about town for a while. My horse is hardly ready to start out yet, and you have company coming, and I do not wish to be in the way," and the stranger left just as the carriage drew up at the gate.

"How de do?" shouted Tom, reaching out his hand to Dick.

"How are ye?" responded Dick, as he grasped it, "you didn't give us the slip, after all!"

"No indeed!" said Tom; then seeing the two girls looking at each other, he said:

"Jack, this is Dick, and Miss Raymond."

They all laughed. Tom continued:

"This is my angelic sister Jack, of whom you have heard me speak so lovingly," and, catching up the laughing baby: "this is Jack Junior, 'the kid!'"

"Help me out!" said Jack.

"Let me take the baby," said Jim, and Jack resigned her precious charge and jumped to the ground.

"You can go into the house," said Tom to his sister.

"I'm going out to the barn with Dick. Where's Fred?"

"At school."

"Oh, yes! I wanted to see him."

"You must. His heart will be broken if you go before he comes home."

* * * * * * *

Supper-time came, bringing Fred, who had lingered by the way, and who was overjoyed at seeing Tom, who perched him on his shoulder.

Jack and Jim had fallen desperately in love with each other, and baby Jack was the hero of the hour as he pulled Fred's hair and slapped his face.

Jack had been out to see the farm and Jim had stolen a moment to take some dinner to her prisoner, telling him not to feel any alarm because there were so many around, that she would take care of him.

And in his heart the man thanked her.

Supper was over, and Jack said she must go as she did not like to keep the baby out late.

"Can't you stay all night?" asked Jim.

"Oh, no! We have so much to do to-morrow; you know we are going to-morrow night, for Carl let us have another week you know, and though I am delighted with the place about here, I have not the face to ask for another day."

Just before they were ready to start, the stranger returned for his horse.

He was in the barn, when at last the other team, after many 'good-byes,' started from the door, only to stop for Tom to return for something he had forgotten.

"What is it?" asked Dick.

"Something I left in my room when I was here, I'll get it myself, you needn't bother."

He was in the entry, and the stranger had come in and was lighting his pipe; and Jim felt the blood as it left her face drop by drop, as she rose saying quietly:

"His room is all upside down, from my house-cleaning, he can never find anything, I'll have to go."

"Can't I go?" asked Dick.

"No, you'd do no better than he."

She had closed the door behind her and she pressed her hand to heart. He was up stairs, and she heard him as he grasped the knob and she gave a little cry, and heard something which served its purpose, and was sent to prison.

"I was quiet and peaceful, and was set to work about the yard; and, one day I borrowed the coat of one of the guards who was lame like myself, and came away, and walked nights, until I came here one morning, and found a hiding place."

"Now," said Tom, "I will tell you what I think is the best thing for you to do. I will take you home with me, on the boat to-morrow night. I will get a G. A. R. suit sometime to-morrow, and you must be all ready to go with me when I come. We have to go in there, and I got all out of breath hurrying."

"Don't want me to go in there?" asked Tom, in a wonder, wondering too, why she held his arm, though the touch of her little hand was very pleasant.

"I've been cleaning house, and the room is everyway, and there is something in there which I don't want anyone to see, and if you want anything in there I'll get it for you."

"I don't like to trouble you, but it's a handkerchief Jack gave me, and I don't like to lose it for fear she'll be asking where it is. If you had just as soon get it for me."

"Oh, yes; I'll get it in a minute," and brushing past him she opened the door just a little and passed quickly inside, leaving Tom outside with a vision of bedsteads and piled up chairs; and as she closed the door he started as though he had been shot for he heard a man's voice ask hoarsely: "Who is it?" and heard Jim's anxious whisper: "Hush! oh, Hush!" and as he tried to open it out, Jim opened the door and stood before him trying to look in to his averted eyes.

CHAPTER IX

CAP'N COOMBS.

A great wave of fear swept over Jim, and she wanted to cry. He must have heard her or he would not look like that. What would he say? Had that awful man down stairs heard what he said? She touched his arm: "Here is your handkerchief," she said softly, and he took it without a word, while he was trying to make up his mind what business it was to him. He decided that it was nothing to him, and started toward the stairs, then turned to speak, but she whispered:

"Hush, oh, please hush, for I don't want Dick to know!"

He looked at her then, and she noticed a strange look in his eyes as he said, slowly and softly: "Do not fear, your secret is safe, good-bye," and he was gone, down the stairs and out of the house.

Jim sank down in a little heap, and cried softly. She was sure there had been scorn in his eyes, and she did not like to have him look at her like that; but she dared not tell him, for he might not approve of her harboring a criminal, and might think he ought to tell Dick; and Dick might not want him in the house, and some one might find it all out, and he would have to go back to prison.

The awful man down stairs had gone, but Jim did not know it, and she continued to sob as though her heart would break.

Tom had gained his seat in the carriage, and the reins almost fiercely as he spoke sharply to the horse, who needed no second bidding and started off swiftly.

Jack knew something was wrong with Tom, and wisely held her peace, and contented herself by holding fast of the horse.

They had gone but a short distance when Tom reined in his horse, gave the reins to Jack, and said hoarsely:

"Hold him a minute, I must go back."

"Go back! Why, how do you think I can hold baby and look out for this horse after he has got started for home? He'll be sure to run away and break our necks."

But Tom was out of hearing, and running swiftly toward the house.

Meanwhile, Jim continued to sob in a dull monotone, and the pitiful sound reached the ears of her prisoner, and he listened until he could bear it no longer, and opened the door just a little and looked out. Seeing that she was alone, he opened the door and spoke to her softly: "Don't cry; what is the trouble?"

Jim raised her head quickly, and answered: "Nothing, only I am a little silly this evening. You must close the door or—" She noticed a look of fear on the man's face, and following his glance saw Tom at the head of the stairs. She gasped a little and shut her eyes, as the man tried to close his door.

But Tom was too quick for him, and sprang forward, exclaiming: "Cap'n Coombs! how came you here?"

Jim, sure that all was over, and that Dick and the stranger would soon be there, raised her head hopelessly and looked at them, to see a look of positive joy on her captive's face, as he said, huskily: "Mr. Tom, how came you here?"

She gained her feet with an idea that she must be in a trance, and went nearer to them, to hear Tom say: "I've been about here some time. But I don't understand why you are hiding here like a thief."

The man started back, and gasped: "That is what they called me."

"Who?"

"The officers and everyone. They shut me up, but I escaped, and this little girl pitied me, believed in me, and hid me from them."

Tom turned toward Jim, who had started toward the stairs. He reached her side with one long stride and seized her hand, crying: "Jim, please forgive me, or I shall hate myself forever."

She looked up to meet a far different look in his eyes, as she answered: "I have nothing to forgive. I am afraid the man down stairs will hear you, and he is the one who was after him."

"He is gone," almost shouted Tom, "he went before I started."

"I am glad," said Jim, and then both men noticed that she looked white and sick.

The lame man spoke: "She is sick, and faint."

"I am only a little tired," she answered; "but please tell me how you knew him."

"How I knew him!" cried Tom. "Why I have known him all my life. He lived close by us for years. He and father were great friends, and in the same regiment in the army."

Jim felt sick, and looked still whiter, as she said: "I knew he must be innocent, for he was an old soldier, and so was my father; he was killed in the war."

"I must go see to Jack," said Tom, suddenly, as he imagined what the state of her mind must be.

"But you will come back?" cried Coombs.

"Yes, and bring her with me. We must get you out of this mess." Then he turned to Jim: "Will you give your charge over to me?"

"Yes; shall we tell Dick?"

"Of course. I will tell him while you are consoling Jack for my neglect of her."

He ran down the stairs in a different mood from that in which he had descended them last, to find Jack and the team at the gate, while she was in the act of dismounting with Jack, Jr., in her arms.

"Come in quick," he cried, as he took them both in his arms and placed Jack safely on the earth, while he still held the baby; Jim wants you."

Thinking she was wanted to settle some lover's quarrel, she ran swiftly into the house, and into Jim's arms.

Tom sat Jack, Jr., on the floor and went in search of Dick, while Jim told her story to Jack, who hugged her close and murmured: "You brave little darling! how did you dare?"

"I don't know," faltered Jim. "I didn't dare, I just pitied him."

"That was enough," said Jack.

Tom found Dick in the barn, and told him all about Jim's secret.

"Poor little Jim," said Dick, "why did she not tell me?"

"I suppose she was afraid you might not agree with her, and might turn him out."

"I don't know what I might have done, but I will help him out now." And they went into the house to join the women in a consultation.

What the feelings of the prisoner were, as he listened for an hour to the hum of their voices, I cannot tell; but he was comforted by knowing that he had two friends in the group.

It grew so late that Jim said they must not take the baby out, and they must stay all night; but Jack said they must not stay, as they needed all the time they had if they were to carry out their plans and take the boat the next night.

Leaving them for a last chat, Tom and Dick went up stairs to visit Cap'n Coombs. He might have trembled a little at sight of Dick if Tom had not been with him, but, as it was, he received him easily and held out his hand, which Dick grasped.

"Am sorry I have not been allowed to see my guest before," he said, as he hunted for a chance to sit down. "What a mess this room is in! Can you find a seat, Tom?"

"Yes, indeed! "I'll sit on the floor."

"I didn't see any room there."

"She kept it in a clutter to hide me," said the Cap'n, softly.

"That is why she went at her housecleaning so suddenly that day when she was half sick," said Dick.

"Now," said Tom, "I want to get you out of this, and I want to tell you how."

"I am all interest," said the Cap'n, dryly.

"So I supposed. Now tell us how you happened to be in such a fix."

"I came down here to take a look at the Home in Togus, and went over to Augusta, as that was where we rendezvoused when I went into the army—"

"Why, was yours a Maine regiment?"

"Yes, I lived here when I was a young man."

"Which one was it?" asked Dick.

"The —th" said Tom. "My father was in the same one."

"So was mine," said Dick; "but go on with your story."

"I was there looking about, and there was a big robbery. Some one broke into a store and stole a large amount of valuable goods, and a large sum of money.

"I was pointed out as a suspicious character by some, and I have always thought they were the real criminals. I looked rather rough, and they swore my freedom away. They seemed to be respectable, and I was a seeming tramp. I referred them to friends at home, and asked for a chance to send to them to obtain bail, but they took no notice of it, and I had a trial, or something which served its purpose, and was sent to prison.

"I was quiet and peaceful, and was set to work about the yard; and, one day I borrowed the coat of one of the guards who was lame like myself, and came away, and walked nights, until I came here one morning, and found a hiding place."

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But Tom was too quick for him, and sprang forward, exclaiming: "Cap'n Coombs! how came you here?"

Jim, sure that all was over, and that Dick and the stranger would soon be there, raised her head hopelessly and looked at them, to see a look of positive joy on her captive's face, as he said, huskily: "Mr. Tom, how came you here?"

She gained her feet with an idea that she must be in a trance, and went nearer to them, to hear Tom say: "I've been about here some time. But I don't understand why you are hiding here like a thief."

The man started back, and gasped: "That is what they called me."

"Who?"

"The officers and everyone. They shut me up, but I escaped, and this little girl pitied me, believed in me, and hid me from them."

Tom turned toward Jim, who had started toward the stairs. He reached her side with one long stride and seized her hand, crying: "Jim, please forgive me, or I shall hate myself forever."

She looked up to meet a far different look in his eyes, as she answered: "I have nothing to forgive. I am afraid the man down stairs will hear you, and he is the one who was after him."

"He is gone," almost shouted Tom, "he went before I started."

"I am glad," said Jim, and then both men noticed that she looked white and sick.

The lame man spoke: "She is sick, and faint."

"I am only a little tired," she answered; "but please tell me how you knew him."

"How I knew him!" cried Tom. "Why I have known him all my life. He lived close by us for years. He and father were great friends, and in the same regiment in the army."

Jim felt sick, and looked still whiter, as she said: "I knew he must be innocent, for he was an old soldier, and so was my father; he was killed in the war."

"I must go see to Jack," said Tom, suddenly, as he imagined what the state of her mind must be.

"But you will come back?" cried Coombs.

"Yes, and bring her with me. We must get you out of this mess." Then he turned

Choice Miscellany.

"Our George" at a Launching.

When I was at Bath, a few weeks ago, and saw the Shenandoah on the stocks, I promised that I would come over and see her launched—that is I promised myself I would, and as I do not like to go back on my word, I really felt obliged to go. This goes to show that a man ought not to make promises, especially with himself, unless he is sure he can back it up. You can lie to the other fellow and perhaps make it go down, but it takes a mighty smart man to tell a good lie and believe it himself.

I didn't do much, only pulled him out of the water when he was a lad and couldn't swim."

"That was enough. You can find a number of influential friends who will vouch for you, and swear that you are worth ten times as much property as those sneaks took and laid to you; get Carl to take your case, come down here, give yourself up and have them demand a new trial, get the case all set up and arrest the ones you suspect, and clear your name in the State of your birth."

His eagerness seemed to awaken hope in the breast of the man and he smiled at the earnest manner and warm speech of his young friend. "You are studying for the bar, aren't you?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes, why?"

"You will be a success."

Tom blushed like a girl. "I hope to be. I must leave you now and take my sister home. Would you like to see her and her baby?"

"Of course I would, if she will come up."

Tom called her, and she came up with her baby in her arms, while Jim followed.

"How de do?" she cried, cheerfully. "This is baby Jack. You have never seen him, have you?"

"No; I've tossed you on my knee many a time before you were as big as he."

"You can toss him, too," said she, giving him the crowing baby.

After a few minutes, Jack said she must go, and they all went down stairs and left the man to his thoughts which were far happier than they had been for months.

Jim kissed Jack and baby good-bye, and Dick helped them into the carriage. Tom said:

"I will see you again," and bidding them good-night was gone, and soon lost to view in the summer dusk.

Tom was back the next day before dinner, and all plans were made; and after dinner, the captive was wrapped up like an invalid and took his seat in the carriage, which was a close one, with a driver from Augusta, and Tom sat with him. Jim bade him good-bye and went into the house, followed by Tom, who took her hand, and said:

"Now, I must say good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Jim, softly. "You will come again?"

"Yes, sometime; you will hear from me through Dick."

"Yes."

"You have not changed your mind about writing to me?"

"No."

"What were you crying about, yesterday?"

"When?"

"Up stairs, after I left you."

"Because I was afraid something would happen to him."

"Whom?"

"Cap'n Coombs."

"Was that all?"

She looked up at him steadily, and blushed a little at his glance; but answered: "Yes."

The next minute he was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Young Folks' Column.

Mr. Editor: I am a girl fifteen years old. My father has taken the *Maine Farmer* over three years. I like to read the children's column very much; my school commences to-morrow; Ellie Bailey is going to teach. My studies are reading, arithmetic, physiology, algebra, grammar, spelling and writing. I have a twin sister; her name is Estella, and a little niece seven months old; her name is Mildred. She is real cunning. I will send the answer to Carrie L. Beckwith's conundrum; it is, too wise you are, too wise you be, I see you are too wise for me. I will send the piece of poetry that Hattie S. Spurr wanted. ADELLA S. BENNETT.

Gilman.

Intemperance.

Dear friends, you often ask me
Why I love the temperance cause so well,
But you will no longer wonder,
When you hear what I have to tell.

Once I had a noble brother,
Who drank madly at the bowl,
And then a pang of sorrow lodged
Within my inmost soul.

A few years passed, and he whom I
Had strove in vain to save,
Fell, crushed beneath intemperance,
Into a drunkard's grave.

And friend, if you will listen,
I will paint the dying scene
Of my loved but erring brother,
In the valley of the San Joaquin.

Tall mountains crowned with verdure,
Towering toward the summer sky,
And the gentle flowing river,
As it wanders slowly by;

The lofty trees are waving
To the gentle summer breeze,
While a far off, fainter echo,
Answers from the Western seas.

There a group of Indians gather,
With sorrow on each brow,
For the wild chase is over,
And the weight of strife is heeded now.

In their midst a fair form is lying,
With his face turned to the skies,
While the fitful fire of fever
Shines from his clear hazel eyes.

One friend gently kneels beside him,
Pillowing that poor aching head,
For in that far, fair country,
This must be his dying bed,

While his parents in an Eastern city
Surrounded by wealth untold,
Know not that their boy lay dying,
Far away in the land of gold.

Oh! why should death claim him,
And he so young and fair,
With a face of that rare, ethereal beauty,
Clustered round with soft brown hair.

But see! he throws back those damp curls,
And clasps his hands in vain,
While nameless mad fancies
Fly swiftly through his brain.

Now he calls wildly for his parents,
And his sister, kind and good,
But only an echo answers
From the far distant wood.

His friend is sadly weeping,
While those dark forms move away,
And leave the living and the dying,
At the closing of the day.

It is evening, and the great moon above them
Sends her gentle radiance round,
And his friend bends softly o'er him,
Listens, yet he hears no sound.

For he is dead, and there they leave him,
In the earth, so cold and damp,
While his friend, sad and weary,
Wanders back to his lonely camp.

And there, with a loving father,
For he alone can save,
The victim of intemperance
Lies in an unknown grave.

AMUSING THE LITTLE ONES. I will give you a few methods by which we amused a little boy of five while his mother was ill. Playing hide and seek was a favorite amusement, a large rocker with strings for reins made a very serviceable horse, the lounge was used as a wagon, and if I sat on the lounge with my sewing, reading or knitting, and talked to him about our ride, etc., he would "drive" for hours.

"In Plain Sight" is a pleasent game for little folks. Take a thimble, and while the rest are out of the room, help one of the children to put it somewhere in plain sight," where it is often pretty hard to find it. "Roll the Cover," "Post-office," and some other old-time plays can be changed to suit these little fellows. The game of "Letters" is full of hits of paper and words brought around to each person, as letters, also amuses them. I found that almost everything was interesting if "Tissie" only kept her mind on it and showed that she was playing with her. It was indeed a never-ending source of delight. "Tissie" was no artist, but Georgie never cared whether the drawings were life-like or not, so he would sit by our side while we pictured him as doing all sorts of pleasant things. Piling up his supply of guns and arrows and having him "shoot" gave him much pleasure.

Aren't your children large enough to begin to learn their letters? Buy word, letter and sentence-builders (small cards one inch square with letters and words printed on them) and have them learn the letters while playing. A numeral frame, and learning to count, will help them much on rainy afternoons. Educational money, small cubes, beads, etc., are all helps in instructing and amusing a child. Weaving paper mats, embroidering outline bits, cutting bright paper, drawing pens or bits of work, all give the little people pleasent work.

Last, but by no means least, is the modeling from clay. A brick weighing five pounds and costing only about twenty-five cents will yield an equal amount of instructive pleasure. I think every mother should have books on kindergarten work and kindergarten materials, and study them faithfully. These will make it much easier to interest and instruct the children. Make them as happy as possible for childhood is soon past. T.

Dear Little Friends: The first time I wrote for the *Farmer* I was 5 years old and printed it, and now I am 10. My fall term of school has closed. I had a very nice teacher. Her name is Lizzie Tarr. My sister Mary goes to the same school, and teacher teaches. As the other girls tell what they can do, I will. I can wash and wipe the dishes, knit and sew patchwork. I have enough squares for 2 quilts made. I have very many kinds of pets. I have a cousin 12 years old that can drive 4 oxen for her brother to plow, and this summer raked all the hay with the horse rake; her name is Florence Boynton. She lives in Rockland. We went to Boston to the National Encampment. I want to tell you about our old cat. She died about 6 weeks ago. If she had lived until next spring she would have been 15 years old. Her name was Pink. I have taken the *Farmer* for ever since they began keeping house. It is getting dark to-night and I guess I will not write any more this time. Good night, my little friends. ANNIE MAY BOYNTON.

Jefferson.

Dear Girls and Boys: I came up to grandpa's to Thanksgiving. We had a nice time. My cousin Eugene came up with his goat and wagon; we had a nice ride, he is so *smart* and funny. I have a little brother Harry who is 3 years old, he says many funny things. One night auntie laid down with him but he did not go to sleep; he came out after she left and said, "how you 'spect a little baby like me go to sleep with no one to sing to me?" I have got a new brown bread for the fair; I had the first premium. Some thought that was very well for a 9-year-old girl. Here is my rule; try for it little girls: One pint corn meal, ½ pint rye flour, ½ pint of yeast, 1 pint buttermilk, ½ cup molasses, 3 level teaspoons soda in ½ cup of water; steam 3 or 4 hours, put in oven 15 minutes, or bake slowly in oven in a dish of water if it is too hot.

Yours, ELLA M. HOWE.

Maplewood Farm, Camden.

Dear readers of the Farmer: I am a girl eleven years old. I thought I would write, as the other little girls do. I live on a farm of fifty acres. My mother is dead; she died eight years ago last summer. My sister was most a year old when mother died. I have one brother and sister. Their names are Ralph and Anna. We have no housekeeper and haven't had one for most two years. My school will begin next Monday. I study arithmetic, reading, big geography, history, spelling, grammar and writing. We don't take the *Farmer* but our nearest neighbor does and she lets me read it. I will close with best wishes to you all. Here is a little riddle: Why is a dollar bill like yours? ELSIE S. WOODBURY.

12 21-18-1 9. 7-15-15-4-23 9-14,
13-9-14-15-20. 13-1-9-14-5.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am a little girl 9 years old. I have got two sisters and one brother, his name is Wallace, and he is 13 years old. My name is Evie I. Weston, and my sisters' names are Alice and Mary. Alice is six and Mary is two years old. For pets I have got four kittens, and one old Southdown cosset sheep that papa bought up in Phillips this fall. When Wallace drives her under the barn, she turns right around and comes at him, and she won't go along, and he pokes her, and cuffs her, and once he put a pail on her head. Wallace and I have got a hundred hens and chickens. We boil a kettle of little potatoes every day for them, and give them lots of dough and grain. Good-bye. EVIE I. WESTON.

Madison.

Dear Girls and Boys of the Good Old Farmer: I have had a birthday since I wrote before, so you see I am 9 years old now, and help papa lots and mamma too. I wash dishes; I sweep; I make my own bed. I am sewing patchwork now. I can knit too. My papa has a horse; we call her Dotty. I like her very much; I can help papa harness. I can drive her. For pets I have a bossie with a white face; her name is Topsy. I feed her with oats and bread. I have a cat, her name is Frisky. She is cunning as she can be.

ROSIE E. HUNTRESS.

Dear Boys and Girls: I am nine years old. I live on a farm of fifty acres of land. My mother is dead, but my father is alive. I have one sister and a brother. I will send a riddle: Old Mother Stitchet, she has but one eye, and a long tail which she lets fly, and every time she goes over the rent she leaves a piece of her tail in a trap. I will write my name in figures.

Minot. 1-14-14-1 1. 7-15-15-4-23-9-14.

Another young man on top. Dr. Scott, the new President of Rutgers College, is only 39.

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